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Fifth Series, }
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{ Vol. CLXXVII.

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SHE FORGOT HER WRONGS.

YES, she forgot them! — Angry words
That cut the heart like sharpest swords;
Yes, she forgot them! — Unjust deeds,
The wrong that envy surely breeds
In meaner natures; but no stir
Of baser passions marred in her
The conquering power of purer thought,
Ever remembering who had taught:
“Father, they know not what they do;
Forgive them!” — and she wished it so.
Wrongs, she forgot them, one by one,
Though never yet a kindness done.

A generous act, a kindly speech,
Would seem her very soul to reach,
And there remain a lasting thought
To be with happy memories fraught;
Unlike cold natures, proud and vain,
In gratitude she felt no pain,
But rather joy, which on her face
Its lines of light knew how to trace.
I wonder, did she long ago
Learn lessons of unfathomed woe,
That she forgets her wrongs alone,
But never once a kindness done!

Chambers' Journal. CAMILLA CROSLAND.

A SONG OF EASTER.

As a leaf in the waning autumn
This outward form decays;
It falls, and the earth receives it
In the dark December days.

And when, in the depth of winter,
The tree stands stripped and bare,
No life in its wasted branches —
Does it yield to a dead despair?

Not so — for the spring returneth,
And the skeleton trunk is rife,
At the breath of the wind at Easter,
With the stir of awakened life.

And we — though we seem as dying,
Still yearn for a future bliss,
To awake to a life unfading
In a fairer world than this.

Academy. WALTER W. SKEAT.

“OH, THE WILD CHARGE HE MADE!”

FRAGMENTS OF A CONVERSATION IN A COUNTRY HOUSE, COMMUNICATED BY MR. THOMAS EAVES.

“Three parts, and in many ways the most interesting parts politically, of the conversation have been left unpublished by me.” — Mr. Blunt's Letter, *Times*, March 26th, 1888.]

“... AND when already wasted by tubercular complaints,
Their chiefs have gone to swell ‘the sweet societies of saints,’

I'll run amuck from Malin Head to Ballinskelligs Bay,
Feasting my eyes with fire by night and massacre by day;
I'll re-enact the penal laws, I'll resurrect the Pale,
And with your aid obliterate the Irish Bull wholesale.
Against the pig, ‘the unclean beast,’ I'll resolutely tilt,
And I'll force the population to adopt the Highland kilt.
I'll introduce the haggis, I'll abolish Irish stew,
And I'll scalp each rogue who dares to brogue or drink of mountain-dew.
I'll root the shamrock from the sod, I'll re-import the snake,
I'll rase the peaks from off the Reeks, and drain Killarney's lake.
I'll pulverise the Blarney Stone, I'll gouge out Ireland's Eye,
And ship the Giant's Causeway off to grace the Isle of Skye.
And when I've worked my wicked will, 'mid shrieks of ghoully glee,
I'll blast the island from its base, I'll tow it out to sea;
And, acting on a gorgeous hint I've had from Mr. Goschen,
Appropriate the sinking fund to drown it in mid-ocean;
That Erin's exiles, homeward bound, across the surging main
For Innisfail's familiar shores, may look and look in vain.”

Spectator.

My child went forth into my garden fair
Having no wish or will to stay by me;
But that I patiently had followed him out there
He could not see.

He passed on from the garden to the wild
Where cruel and fierce-roaring monsters lie;
I drove them back, but nothing told the child
That it was I.

He saw his brothers toiling on the road,
“I will give life and strength for them,”
cried he;
But that I made him strong to lift their load
He did not see.

Soul-thrilling words of love bade him rejoice,
And filled with music all that desert place;
And yet he never knew it was my voice,
Nor saw my face.

And when the night came and his eyes grew dim,

And dark and chill the mists about him lay,
He did not know my hand was guiding him
Till it was day.

Spectator.

MRS. OWEN.

From The National Review.
THE CERTAINTIES OF CHANCE.

A MAN once saw a mathematical friend of his tossing a short stick over a grating. Again and again he tossed the stick, and always, between every toss, he noted something in a book, with an expression of perfect satisfaction. Sometimes the stick fell athwart the grating, sometimes it fell between the bars; but howsoever it might fall, down went the result, or some record, the perplexed observer could not imagine what. At last, recalling the fact that the tosser was a mathematician of the profounder sort, one who would devote months to some inquiry belonging to that fourth dimension in space (outside length, breadth, and thickness) which no fellow, save a fellow of the Mathematical Society, can understand, he concluded, naturally, that too much mathematics had made that stick-tossing friend of his mad. Moved by pity, he sadly asked, "What on *earth*, Jones, are you up to?" Gazing on him with lack-lustre eye, Jones replied, "Don't interrupt, my good fellow, I'm squaring the circle!" This, of course, settled the matter. A man who could toss a stick for hours over a grating might conceivably be sane, or no madder than an average mathematician; but a man who could connect with so absurd a proceeding the squaring of the circle, of which even mathematicians have admitted that "that way madness lies," must be past the curing powers of hellebore, or whatever may be the fashionable substitute for that mind-soothing drug. Yet our mathematician, supposing this story (only slightly filled in from Professor De Morgan's sketch) to be correct, was sane enough for a mathematician of the quadri-dimensional sort. If there were no better way of squaring the circle, tossing a stick over a grating, both stick and grating being of the right sort, would be a method, and not at all a bad method, of accomplishing that awe-inspiring feat. The editor will, we fear, strike out the next ten pages in which, with his permission, we propose to show that with a grating of perfectly uniform and equidistant bars, and a rod of regular form, the process of tossing, continued long enough, will indicate (by the propor-

tion observed between the number of times that the rod falls through and the number of times that it fails to fall through) that proportion between the circumference and the diameter of a circle which mathematicians love so dearly, and to secure which they have gone to such fearful lengths, beyond even the seven hundredth decimal figure. But we must make this matter clear, if only we may.

In order to deal with the problem as simply as possible we will not introduce the differential and integral calculus, but proceed in a purely geometrical spirit. Let, then, the familiar curve called "the companion to the cycloid" be represented by —

[The rest of the proof has been eliminated. — ED. *National Review*.]

It is obvious, then, that the length of the circumference of a circle may be determined in this way, and though that may not be commonly called squaring the circle, it amounts, practically, to the same thing. What Jones, or De Morgan, or any one else would want with such a method does not appear. Mathematicians have already dealt with the problem so strenuously, that if they had a circle with a diameter a billion times greater than the distance of the remotest star (say a billion times a million years' light-journey at 187,000 miles per second) they would have the circumference right within a distance which no microscope could show, not even one of the kind described by Mr. S. Weller as of the ten-million-gas-magnifying sort. Now the stick-and-grating method would have to be pursued by all the inhabitants of the earth simultaneously and continuously, for many millions of years, to secure a corresponding degree of accuracy. And this seems scarcely desirable. However, the case excellently illustrates the rigid uniformity, in the long run, of purely chance results. We use the word purely advisedly. Once any bias is given to the results by some peculiarity affecting the chances, the result can no longer be trusted. If our grating is not perfectly uniform, or our stick not absolutely smooth and straight, we shall be sure, by the stick-and-grating method, to deduce a wrong length for the circumference of the

circle—and what a dreadful thing that would be! Even the tossing of an ordinary coin, though good enough for the classical game of “pitch and toss,” is not a strictly uniform proceeding. Owing to the difference between the two faces of a coin, and consequent slight divergences from uniformity in the spin, one side or the other is bound to show a little oftener than the other, in the long run. For instance, in a million million tosses, instead of head (or tail as the case may be) showing so nearly half the times that the proportion would not differ measurably from one-half, it would show oftener, in perhaps some such proportion as a million and one to nine hundred and ninety-nine. This may be tested experimentally—subject always to the necessity of avoiding the suspicions of the police; but it will be necessary for millions of persons to devote their lives to the agreeable task. Buffon, and three others unknown to fame, save by their deeds, have done more coin-tossing of the scientific sort, than any who have yet lived upon this world of ours. Their object would seem to have been to show experimentally that that does happen which the mathematics of probabilities had already proved must happen. Whatever their object, they achieved among them no fewer than 16,000 trials to see how many heads could be tossed in succession. Of course this is much more than 16,000 tossings, because some of the trials ran to a good many heads. In fact, among the trials there was one case of fifteen heads in succession, a result which seems incredible to the inexperienced, but becomes an absolute certainty when the number of trials is sufficiently great.

We shall come back in a moment to Buffon and his friends; but for the present turn to another strange case.

Ask any one, man, woman, or child, gambler or non-gambler, what he, she, or it would give for the right to toss a coin as long as heads appeared, getting £1 if tail came at the first throw, £2 if tail came at the second, £4 if at the third, and so on, the prize doubling at each successive throw. You are pretty sure to find the sum named ranging from £2 or £3 to £10 or £12. No one would offer

£20; still less would any one offer £100. Yet, according to the theory of probabilities, the actual value of the chance is much more than £100, much more than £1,000—is, in fact, larger than any sum which can be named.

This sounds like nonsense; and in point of fact it does practically amount to nonsense. It is theoretically right; but to be actually and practically right, would require a bigger world than this, with millions of times as many people, all engaged during millions of millions of years, trying for prizes on the indicated plan. That with a sufficiently large number of trials, the average value of the prizes would rise to enormous sums, and indefinitely as the number of trials indefinitely increased, will be evident from the following considerations.

Let us represent the number of experimenters . . . [five pages of demonstration omitted here. —ED.] Or, as the cookery books say, “Another way,”—perhaps simpler.

In dealing with a lottery, if we wish to determine the value of a venture, we add together such proportions of the several prizes as represent the chances of getting them. Thus, in a common ticket lottery, if there is one prize of £1,000, ten of £100, and 100 of £10, while there are 10,000 tickets each valued at £1 (an abominable swindle, of course, but that is a detail, and unfortunately a very familiar detail of lottery schemes), then the real value of a ticket would be determined by adding one ten-thousandth of £1,000, or 2s. to ten ten-thousandths of £100, or again, 2s. and a hundred ten-thousandths of £10, or a third 2s. The real value, then, of a ticket would be 6s.; for which any number of simpletons could be found to pay £1, or £5 for that matter, if only the value of the chief prize were duly dwelt on in advertisements. The Louisiana lottery successfully offers to a foolish public tickets worth about a dollar and a quarter for five dollars. Now apply this method to the particular kind of lottery we have imagined. The chance of winning £1 is certainty, or 1; so we set down £1. The chance of winning £2 is one-half; so we set down half of £2, or again

£1. The chance of winning £4 is one-quarter; so we set down a quarter of £4, or yet another £1. So we set down an eighth of £8; a sixteenth of £16; and so on continually. We thus have as the value of all the prizes put together, any number of sums of £1. But even the non-mathematician will admit that by adding sovereign to sovereign indefinitely you will get a sum larger than any that may be named.

The proof is sound, the conclusion open to exception. The trouble is that the chances of the highest prizes are too remote to be worth considering, in this world at any rate. Theoretically the chances of winning the prize resulting from twenty successive heads, or more than a million pounds, is one in rather more than a million, and therefore is fairly represented by £1. Yet who but an idiot would part with a sovereign for so minute a chance of winning a sum which, when he had won it, would be more than he would know what to do with?

Pause we here a moment, however. Perhaps this folly, which seems as thus viewed so manifest, may not be quite so uncommon, or the foolish may be much more uncommon, than the tone of that last question would seem to imply.

Consider a typical gambling man, not necessarily professional. Let him be offered a wager of £1 on some matter where the chances are even. Let him be offered a wager of two to one in pounds where the odds are really two to one; a wager of four to one in pounds where the odds are really four to one; a wager of eight to one (always in pounds) where the odds are eight to one; and so on. Such wagers as these he would of course take. He would be only too glad to take them when they rose to higher odds. But beyond a certain point we may conveniently substitute the purchase of lottery tickets. Our gambler would most willingly pay £1 for a ticket in a lottery where there was one prize of £1,024, and 1,024 tickets. (So fair a chance would be a novelty in lotteries.) Then if he heard of another lottery where there were 2,048 tickets, and where one prize of £2,048 invited the venturesome, he would assuredly jump at that. We do

not know where the line could be drawn. The history of the Louisiana lottery shows that any number of idiotic persons would pay £1 for a ticket in a lottery where there was one prize of £1,048,576 and only 1,048,576 tickets. Suppose our gambler to risk £1 in such a venture as this; having already risked £1 on each of a series of wagers first and lottery chances afterwards, for wagers ranging from £1, £2, £4, £8, and so on to prizes of £1,024, £2,048, etc., onwards to £524,288 and £1,048,576. Such a gambler, if he depones his stakes, pays down in all £21 (it will be found), and before the decision of any of the ventures, he is in the position of a man who should have paid £21 for the right to venture in the imagined lottery, wherein the tossing of a coin so long as heads appeared determined the prize. Whatever difference there is, is of course in favor of the latter, who, besides corresponding chances of winning £1, or £2, or £4, or the rest, up to £1,048,576, has also chances of winning £2,097,152 or £4,194,304, or other monstrous sums, if only heads run persistently enough.

It may be said that there is a difference between the two cases. One man has staked £21 for a number of prizes; and there is nothing to prevent his gaining all of them. The other, who has equally staked £21, can gain but one prize. It might be answered that this is exactly balanced by the circumstance, that while the former may lose all he has staked, the latter must get back £1, and may get much more. But it may be better to devise a case more obviously identical, leaving the one just considered to point our moral — the folly of gambling, even on so-called fair terms.

Suppose, then, a lottery in which are 2,097,151 tickets, each priced at £21; let there be no blanks, one prize of £1,048,576, two of £524,288, four of £262,144, and so on, till we come down to 524,288 prizes of £2 each, and 1,048,576 prizes of £1, making up the total number of 2,097,151 prizes. In this case, any one who bought a ticket would be in precisely the position of one who paid £21 for a chance in the coin-tossing lottery, except that the latter would have a chance of even higher prizes

than £1,048,576. The buyer of the ticket would be in a much better position than men who, in former times, paid sums as large as £21 for chances in national lotteries, or who pay such sums now for chances in foreign swindles of the same kind (we had nearly written "character," but there is an entire want of character in all such transactions). One who has thus ventured is apt to consider himself rather clever than otherwise, especially if some dream, or other event entirely unconnected with the lottery, has guided him in the choice of his ticket's number. Yet such a man has taken a venture far less favorable than that of a man (whom he would ridicule as an idiot) who should pay £21 for the chance of a tossed coin coming up heads often enough to bring him a goodly prize, at the doubling rate above described.

This case shows how little men appreciate the real meaning of the large numbers named in connection with lottery chances. The same risk of loss which seems obvious when the question is of tossing heads so often as ten times in succession, seems trifling when compared with the chances against drawing the lucky ticket out of a thousand; yet the risk in the latter case is greater than in the former in the same degree that 1,024 is greater than 1,000.

No particular harm follows, but rather good, when the chance of winning a large prize is mistakenly overlooked in considering this particular chance problem. The Russian government was foiled in a plan for getting large sums out of a lottery, by the recognition of men's unwillingness to risk anything like the sum which mathematicians told them ought to be paid for each chance in such a lottery. The problem has hence been long known to students of probabilities as the Petersburg problem. But very serious loss has been sustained because of men's blindness to the converse truth, that very large sums may be lost on this method of doubling stakes at each renewal of a particular result.

If there is one trap which has caught more gamblers, even of the professional sort, than any other, it is what may be called the "martingale" trap; the belief, that is to say, in systems by which success may be secured with absolute certainty, if only the gambler's pocket is long enough to enable him to keep on with his system against adverse runs of luck. Among the systems thus devised, there is one, which has only given way to others

because it seems so obviously certain in its action that no gaming "bank" or gambling opponent would allow it to be continued for any length of time. It is the system of continued doubling. You stake £1 at the *rouge et noir* table and lose. You then stake £2. If you lose yet once more, you stake £4; then (if you lose) £8, £16, and so on. Whenever you win—and you cannot lose forever, you win enough to cover all your previous losses, and £1 over. At each trial you practically make sure of winning £1. Patience, then, and you must win any number of pounds.

So far as we know, Hombourge and Baden never set their face against this system, which must have suited them well enough. They set a limit, however, to the amount of stakes, and that would suffice to kill the system. This may be shown very simply in any special case. Having in a former example taken very large numbers, we will take smaller ones here, noting that the principle is the same, let the numbers be large or small.

Suppose the gambler, anxious to make more than £1 each time, begins with £10 stakes, and let the bank "limit" be £640. Imagine the gambler's ventures divided into sets of sixty-four. Then from what Buffon and his three allies did in the way of coin-tossing (where the chances for head or tails are the same as the chances for *rouge et noir*, omitting the bank's slight extra chances in the *refait*) we know experimentally, apart from mathematical calculation, what the average result in any 64 trials will be. There will be 32 cases favorable for our gambler at the first trial, 16 at the second, 8 at the third, 4 at the fourth, 2 at the fifth, and 1 at the sixth, with one unfavorable trial; this last may occur anywhere in the series; but give our gambler the benefit of the doubt, and put the run of six unfavorable tossings last. Then the result of that set of 64 trials will be to enrich our gambler by £320, and £160, and £80, and £40, and £20, and £10. He will be £630 in pocket out of those trials. Unfortunately the 64th trial will cost him £640. He cannot go on doubling, because the bank limit forbids. The nearest thing he can do to the working out of his system is to stake £640 yet again. If he can and does do this, trusting, perhaps, to what is called "the maturity of the chances" (a most delusive doctrine), he has an equal chance of winning back £640, or of losing that sum. If he is lucky, it will not be his system that has brought him luck; if he

is unlucky, he exchanges small loss, all that the system fairly worked out would be apt to entail, for a large one. In any case he gives up a tolerably slow way of parting with his money for a dangerously bold venture.

The system, then, which seems so obviously to ensure slow but steady gain, really ensures slow but steady loss. If this were the worst that could be said against it, it would still be enough to deter the gambling moth from this slowly singeing flame. But another gambling folly comes in to make ruin approach with much more rapid strides on this line than the fair progress of the system would ensure. To end a loser of only £10 on an average run of sixty-four trials, our gambler must carefully bank all his gains. Gamblers never do this. "Lightly come, lightly go," is their motto. They even fancy that bad luck is sure to follow any attempt at hoarding idly acquired gains. Hence the loss of £640 in the one unlucky run would probably find our gambler with not £20 of the previously won £630 to help in meeting it.

By diminishing the first stake in this and similar cases, the gambler can ensure a much longer run for his money. But he must take a correspondingly increased number of risks. Now Buffon's experiments show that just as surely as there will, on the average, be one run of 6 unfavorable tossings in 64 trials, there will be one run of 7 unfavorable tossings in 128 trials; one run of 8 in 256 trials; and so on. So that the gambler secures no escape from eventual disaster by diminishing his stake and increasing the number of trials. Moreover, he has to expend more time in getting his smaller gains—so long as he does get them—and even a gambler must, one would imagine, regard time as of some value.

The doctrine of the "maturity of the chances," combined with the doctrine of the "vein of luck," advanced by the departed gambler (and rogue) Steinmetz, as the two fundamental principles for successful gambling, curiously illustrate the utter inability of the gambling mind to reason soundly. One doctrine really means that the luck must change, not telling the gambler whether it will change sooner or later; the other really means that luck may be trusted not to change for a while, not telling the gambler how long that "while" may be trusted to last. And the poor simpleton, for even gambling rogues like Steinmetz are but simpletons at bottom, cannot see that the two doctrines necessarily fill the record for all possible

events, and must therefore be utterly valueless in considering the chances for any particular event or series of events. Whatever happens, one or other law must be justified; but gamblers rejoice at this as evidence in favor of the two laws, instead of seeing that it proves both to be worthless. Does a gambler who has been lucky win afresh? then the gamblers around see in the case an illustration of the "vein of luck." Does the luck change? then they proclaim, with equal wisdom, their faith in the doctrine of the "maturity of the chances." They may not use these precise words; on the contrary, their words may be anything but precise; in one case they may say, "He has the devil's own luck," and in the other they may swear lustily because, having backed his luck, they have lost money. But the ideas are there all the same. And since every single experience of every gambler is bound to confirm his belief that luck will either change or continue unchanged, his faith in the fundamental idiocies of gambling, the "vein of luck" and the "maturity of the chances," grows constantly in strength and fervor.

The belief that in the long run luck must run even is not quite so obviously misleading as either of the two the combination of which it really represents. It is true, indeed, in a sense; but it is misleading all the same. It means so much less than believers in it imagine!

Consider how little it really promises. If the gambler when he loses assures himself, on the strength of this law, that he must one day recover all he has lost, what an argument he should find in that against gambling! for what earthly use can there be in continuing a process which, if continued long enough, is bound to land you where you began? But the fatal trouble about this article of the gambler's faith is that it says nothing about a *beginning*. It applies to every stage of his progress, whether he is in pocket or out of pocket. How little, then, it promises can readily be shown. If the gambler is a hundred pounds to the bad at any time, he ought to feel confident that if he goes on long enough from that stage, he will again find himself a hundred pounds to the bad—apart from all squandered winnings in the mean time.

Here, by the way, is an odd paradox, which is quite illusory, but it will do the reader no harm to puzzle himself over it a little:—

If in the long run a gambler must come to the position from which he started, it follows that if at any time he is just even

with fortune he must come even again, or in a long enough time will have neither gained or lost; if in the mean time he gets a certain sum ahead he will, in the long run, lose that sum; and if in the mean time he gets a certain sum in arrears he will, in the long run, gain that sum (for no otherwise can he get even). We may be sure, then, since he cannot be always just even, and must sometimes be ahead and sometimes in arrears, by a certain sum, be it what it may, that in the long run (1) he will gain that sum, (2) he will lose that sum, and (3) he will come out even. Take the second case, and let the sum be £10. In the long run our gambler, starting even, will lose £10. In another long run, from what we have just proved, he will lose it again. Therefore, in a long enough run he will certainly lose £20; in another long enough run he will lose another £20; or £40 in all. And so we go on, doubling at each stage, till we eventually show that in the long run, owing to the tendency of luck to run even, the gambler must lose any sum that may be named, however great it may be. Of course, we may equally well show that in the long run the gambler must find himself the winner of a sum greater than any that can be named.

This result, though manifestly not to be trusted as it stands, yet indicates an important truth, viz., that in a sufficiently long series of gambling ventures the ranges on either side of neutral fortunes may be expected to be very wide indeed, while the general evenness of the balance in the long run shows that the widest ranges on one side will be matched by ranges as wide on the other. Hence it follows that no matter what the fortune may be with which a gambler starts, he is practically sure, if he continue gambling long enough, to incur ruin. For whensoever the range on the wrong side touches the amount of his means, there is for him no longer run. It matters nothing, so far as his fortunes are concerned, that if he could go on indefinitely the score against him would be wiped off, or replaced by as large a score in his favor. Other gamblers may come and others may go; his fate is sealed, his fortune gone forever.

Among all the certainties of chance this conclusion, that persistent gambling means loss of fortune, that the run of luck is running blindly to ruin (run being simply ruin without an "i" or blind ruin), is the most certain of all. Never in the whole history of gambling has this law been observed to fail.

R. A. PROCTOR.

From The Westminster Review.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

DESCRIPTIONS of newly discovered countries and their inhabitants are extremely attractive and interesting to almost every one who is not exclusively preoccupied with his own affairs, or with those immediately around him. But of all the habitable parts of our little globe few now remain to be described, and still fewer to be discovered. Among those of which the public knows next to nothing, and concerning which geographers and ethnologists knew but little until recently, are the Solomon Islands. Happily, we are now enabled to become acquainted with this extensive and especially interesting group of tropical islands; and, though the knowledge of them which is as yet rendered accessible to us is partial, and is mainly restricted to a small number of the many islands constituting the group, that knowledge, owing to the scientific character of the observer who has offered it to the public, is, so far as it extends, undoubtedly accurate. For this knowledge we are chiefly indebted to the two very interesting volumes recently published by Dr. H. B. Guppy, which, though published simultaneously, form two separate works. One of them contains a description of the geological and general features of the islands;* the other gives a large amount of information concerning their climate, their flora, their fauna, and, especially, concerning their human inhabitants.† This volume is also enriched by a translation, made by Dr. Guppy himself, from a Spanish manuscript, of a most important and intensely interesting journal, extending to upwards of fifty octavo pages. This journal, written by Hernando Gallego, one of the original discoverers of the islands, upwards of three hundred and twenty years ago, has not hitherto been published.

In the beginning of 1881, her Majesty's ship *Lark* was fitted out "as a surveying ship in the western Pacific," and Dr. Guppy was selected by Sir John Watt Reid, the medical director-general of the navy, to be appointed as surgeon. "For this selection," Dr. Guppy tells us, he was also "in some measure indebted to the late Sir Frederick Evans, then hydrographer, who was desirous that a person pos-

* The Solomon Islands: their Geology, General Features, and Suitability for Colonization. By H. B. Guppy, M.B., F.G.S., late Surgeon R.N. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1887.

† The Solomon Islands and the Natives. By H. B. Guppy, M.B., F.G.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1887.

sessing tastes for natural history should be chosen." Certainly, the wisdom of the selection has been amply justified by its results. Dr. Guppy not only made the best possible use of the time and opportunity afforded him while the *Lark* was occupied in her survey, but brought to his interesting work a mind at once scientifically trained, stored with a large amount of scientific knowledge, and imbued with an enthusiastic, as well as a genuine, love of scientific investigation. Those results are presented to us in the two excellently printed and handsomely bound volumes now before us. The extensive, varied, thoroughly interesting and trustworthy information they contain cannot fail to ensure for them a cordial welcome from every intelligent reader who becomes acquainted with them. Availing ourselves of them, we shall now endeavor to give a brief sketch of the Solomon Islands and of the history of their discovery.

The islands constituting the group called the Solomon Islands are very numerous; there are seven principal islands, and many small ones, differing greatly from each other in size, as well as in various other respects. The seven large islands are named, respectively, Bougainville, Choiseul, Isabel, New Georgia, Guadalcanar, St. Christoval, and Maleita. The whole group lies south of the equator in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, about a thousand miles from the north-east coast of Australia, and forms the easternmost part of the Indian Archipelago. The north end of the most westerly of the chief islands, Bougainville, is in latitude 5° south, and longitude 155° east. The south end of the most easterly of the chief islands, St. Christoval, extends to the southernmost part of latitude 10° south, and to the 162^{nd} degree of east longitude. The islands form, collectively, a sort of chain extending along a line parallel with the north-east coast of Australia, from the northern extremity of the island of Bougainville in a south-eastern direction to the south-east point of the island of St. Christoval.

The island of Bougainville is the largest and loftiest of the group; it is about 110 miles long, 30 miles broad, and "its loftiest mountain peaks attain a height varying between 7,000 and 10,000 feet above the sea." Guadalcanar, "the finest and most interesting of the Solomon group," is about 80 miles long, and, on an average, is about 25 miles broad. "Its eastern portion rises in lofty mountain masses, which attain, in Mount Lammas, an elevation of

8,005 feet above the sea." St. Christoval is over 70 miles in length; it is about 22 miles broad in its broadest part; but its average breadth is, probably, about 15 miles, and it reaches an elevation of about 4,100 feet. The remaining four of the seven islands named are also of considerable size; Isabel and Maleita appear to be each from 80 to 90 miles long; Choiseul and New Georgia are each somewhat less extensive. Among the most notable of the smaller islands we may mention Fauro, which is 12 miles long; Alu, 11 miles long, 7 broad, and 350 feet high; Treasury, 9 miles long, 5 and a half miles broad, and 1,150 feet high; Ugi, 6 miles long, 2 and a half miles broad, and 500 feet high; Simbo, 4 miles long; Savo, which is circular, and 3 miles in diameter; Santa Anna, 2 and a half miles long, and 2 broad; Piedu, 2 miles long; and the two tiny groups — the Shortland Islands and the Florida Islands.

Though the Solomon Islands were discovered as early as 1567, the knowledge then gained, and actually recorded, of their position and character was soon afterwards lost, and the vague tradition of their existence and discovery was long treated as a myth which itself became almost forgotten. And yet their Spanish discoverers actually spent six months, three hundred and twenty years ago, in examining them, and at that time took formal possession of them in the name of his Majesty the king of Spain.

It appears that only in the second quarter of the present century the existence of the journal written by Hernando Gallego, one of the officers of the expedition by which the Solomon Islands were discovered, became known to geographers. The original manuscript was, a few years since, in the possession of Mr. Amburst. There is a copy of it in the library of the British Museum; this copy was purchased of M. Fr. Michelena y Roiss in 1848. It is a translation of this copy which is "given in great part" by Dr. Guppy, and which gives a detailed account of the discovery of the islands in question. Gallego explains why he wrote the journal, as follows: —

It moved the mind of that most Christian and most Catholic monarch, Don Philip, to write to his Governor, the most illustrious Lope Garcia de Castro, that he should convert every infidel to Christ. Imbued with this feeling, I have made it my first object, by means of this relation and of the additions made by me to the sea-chart, to enable the missionaries who are to guide the infidels into

the vineyard of the Lord, to know where these places will be found, and to learn how to navigate these seas, exposed to the fury of the winds, and how all dangers and enemies may be avoided. This is my design, unless I am otherwise convinced. Let the curious accept this brief discourse. It is from fear that its author has not wished to print it.

"The governor of Peru, Lope Garcia de Castro, gave orders for the equipment of two ships of the fleet for the discovery of certain islands and a continent (*tierra firme*), concerning which his Catholic Majesty D. Philip II. had summoned a number of persons versed in mathematics in order to deliberate on the plan to be followed. After selecting the vessels, he nominated as general in command of the expedition his nephew, Alvaro de Mendana; as commander of the troops (*maestro de campo*), Pedro de Ortega Valencia; as the royal ensign, D. Fernando Enriquez; and lastly, as chief pilot—to quote the words of the journal—"myself, the said Hernando Gallego."

"The number of all that embarked on this voyage, including, besides the soldiers and sailors, four Franciscan friars, and the servants, was a hundred. The preparations were made with such alacrity and willingness that the ships were fitted out with a despatch that seemed scarcely credible; and on the 19th day of November, 1566, being Wednesday, the day of St. Isabel, the two ships sailed from Callao, the port of the City of Kings."

The two ships sailed westerly across the Pacific Ocean. Gallego recorded in his journal the course they pursued and the distance they accomplished each day. Buoyed up with hope, the crews believed, day after day, that they were on the point of discovering the land; but, when the last day of the year arrived, and still no land was to be seen, their courage began to give way. "The pilots told me," writes Gallego in his journal, "that I was the only person who was not disheartened after having sailed so many leagues without seeing land, and when I told them that they would suffer no ill, and that, with the favor of God, they would see the land at the end of January, they all kept silent, and made no reply."

Gallego seems to have been the life and soul of the expedition—the one who kept up the drooping spirits of the crews. On the 12th of January he writes:—

They signalled from the Almiranta [the General's ship] to ask where the land should be. I replied that it lay, in my opinion, 300 leagues away, and that at all events we should

not sight it until the end of the month. At this time some of the people began to doubt whether we should ever see the land. But I always told them that, if God was with them, it would be His pleasure that they should not suffer ill.

Happily, in this instance, Gallego did not prove a true prophet; but no doubt his false prophecy was willingly forgiven him. Instead of waiting anxiously till the end of the month for the sight of land, it was found on the 15th.

A seaman went to the top, and discovered land in the shape of a small island. . . . We were about six leagues from it, because, being a low island, it could not be seen at a greater distance. . . . We reached it at sunset. . . . It has many reefs about it, and has quite a bay of the sea in the middle of it. After we had arrived, I found the latitude to be $6\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ Seven canoes full of people started from the island. Some turned back to the shore, and the remainder came off to the ship. But when they saw so many persons they returned to the beach, and made great bonfires. . . . The people in the canoes were naked, and of a tawny hue. When the Almiranta arrived, we agreed that no boats should land until the next day, as it was then evening. And when it dawned, it blew so strong from the north-west that we drifted a quarter of a league to the leeward of the island. I wished to reach it, but could not as the wind was so strong that we could carry no sail.

Fearing that if they attempted to beat up to it the ships might be broken to pieces on the reefs, and seeing that, as the island was inhabited, "the rest could not be far away," Gallego advised that they should be searched for.

The soldiers murmured because they were unwilling to leave the island. . . . Being weary of the voyage, they took no pains to conceal their displeasure; but I cheered and consoled them with the assurance that they would meet with no misfortune, and that, with the grace of God, I would give them more land than they would be able to people.

Leaving this island (which, as Dr. Guppy remarks, "it is scarcely possible to identify with any of the islands marked in the latest Admiralty charts"), Gallego gave it the name of the Island of Jesus, "because," he writes, "we arrived at it on the day after that which we accounted the 15th of January."

Continuing their voyage, these explorers discovered, February 1, some banks of reefs with some islets in the middle of them. Leaving these shoals, they steered south-west, and on the morning of the 7th of February, writes Gallego:—

I ordered a seaman to go aloft to the top and scan the south for land, because there seemed to be in that quarter an elevated mass; and the seaman reported land. . . . Every one received the news with feelings of great joy and gratitude for the favor which God had granted them through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the Glorious Mother of God, whom we all believed to be our mediator; and the "Te Deum Laudamus" was sung. They were distant from the land when they first saw it about fifteen leagues.

As they approached it, "they discovered much more land belonging to the same island, which appeared to be a continent. They did not get up to it until the evening of the next day, Sunday, the 8th of February." When they were searching for a place of safety for their ships, "although it was midday, a star," according to Gallego, "appeared to" them "over the entrance of the reef."

Taking it as a guide and as a good omen [he writes] we were cheered in spirit and became more hopeful. . . . Presently we entered the harbor with the star over the bow, and we anchored, the Almiranta entering shortly afterwards. . . . It was the day of Santa Polonia, the 9th of February. The harbor, which is in the latitude of $7^{\circ} 50'$, we named the port of Santa Isabel del Estrella, and we named the island Santa Isabel. The Indians called the island Camba. . . . Having disembarked with the other captains, I took possession of the island in the name of His Majesty. A cross was erected; and I chose a convenient place for building a brigantine.

This was quickly built and rigged, and on the 4th of April was launched. Gallego and Ortega, with eighteen soldiers and twelve sailors, embarked in her, April 7, and, leaving the port, set out to discover other islands and harbors.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits assigned to this article, to give an account of the explorations and discoveries which were made by these intrepid Spaniards, chiefly by means of the brigantine. They spent six months in prosecuting their discoveries; they acquainted themselves with nearly the whole of the numerous islands constituting the group in question; they took formal possession, in the name of their king, of almost every one of the islands of any size, and they gave names to the majority of the small islands as well as to the large ones — excepting that of Bougainville. Dr. Guppy has given a list of the islands named by the Spaniards which do not, at present, bear the names given to them by their original discoverers; and, as he justly says, "It

would be a graceful compliment to the gallant Gallego, who was the central figure of this expedition, if, after the lapse of more than three centuries, the Spanish names should be associated with these islands in the Admiralty charts."

Gallego would fain have prolonged his explorations, but his companions would not allow him to do so, "because they were all disheartened and wished to return to Peru." They began their perilous return voyage August 11. Sailing to windward of the small islands Santa Catalina and Santa Anna, the easternmost, and those they saw last, of the Solomon group, they shaped their course north-east by east and lost sight of them, and thus finally left behind them the islands among which they had sojourned during six months.

On reaching latitude 8° north, September 17, they arrived at the small group of inhabited islands which was called, by Gallego, San Bartolomeo, and which Dr. Guppy has identified as the Musquillo Islands. "There were many houses and much people and *villas* in these islands;" but "the people fled, abandoning their houses," when the voyagers landed to get fresh water. Finding none, they set sail again, and, September 22, they discovered a low islet which Gallego named San Francisco, and which is now known as Wake's Island. It was inhabited only by birds. Again their hope of getting fresh water was frustrated. On reaching latitude 30° N., October 14, they were overtaken by a terrible squall, succeeded by a prolonged storm. The two ships lost sight of each other; their sails were blown to shivers; the mainmast of each ship had to be cut away; the boat of each was lost; and blankets had to be used as sails. Referring to himself and his companions in this ship, the Capitana, Gallego writes: "We were much wearied, and suffered from hunger and thirst, as they did not allow us more than half a pint of stinking water and eight ounces of biscuit, a few very black beans, and oil; besides which there was nothing else in the ship. Many of our people were unable from weakness to eat any more food."

Happily, at length, December 12, they reached the coast of Old California in latitude 30° N., and, December 23, having no boat, they "went ashore on a raft of casks to get water. There we made another raft of rushes and some casks, on which we carried on board twelve casks of water and many fish that we caught." On the 24th of January, 1569, they entered the port of Santiago. Before they left it they

had a joyful surprise; three days after their arrival, "the Almiranta hove in sight. She was much in want of water and provisions; and she carried no boat, which, like ourselves, she had cast over in the great storms; and her mainmast was cut away." Stopping on their way at intervening ports, the Capitana entered the port of Realajo, April 4, and the Almiranta five days afterwards. Here the two ships were beached, repaired, and re-victualled at a cost of eighteen hundred pesos (dollars), which Gallego advanced as a loan "for the service of his Majesty." They left this port May 28, and finally, June 19, reached Point Santa Elena exactly nineteen months from the date when they started from Callao. "On Sunday, the 26th of June, Don Fernando Enriquez left with the news for Lima or the City of the Kings."

Mendana, nephew of Philip II., and the chief commander of the expedition above described, was animated by a lifelong ambition to colonize the group of islands he and his co-voyagers had discovered, and thus to add one more to the vast possessions of Spain. "In order to further his great aim, he gave to these islands the name of the Isles of Solomon, to the end that the Spaniards, supposing them to be the islands whence Solomon obtained his gold for the temple at Jerusalem, might be induced to go and inhabit them." But Mendana was not destined to witness the accomplishment of his purpose. The appearance of Drake in the Pacific Ocean some years after the return of the Spanish expedition to Peru caused Mendana's scheme of colonization to be abandoned; for it was feared that if Drake should become aware of the existence and position of the islands, it might be impossible to prevent them from being seized by the English. Therefore, to keep all knowledge of them from the English, "the publication of the official narrative of Mendana's voyage was purposely delayed;" and "so strong a pressure was brought to bear on Gallego, the chief pilot of the expedition, that he was afraid to publish his journal." Hence, "it not only remained in manuscript up to the present day, but, as before stated, was not brought to light until the second quarter of the present century."

Mendana persisted in his resolution to plant a Spanish colony in the Solomon Islands; and, at length, when he had become an elderly man, "a change occurred in the viceroyalty of Peru, and under the

auspices of the new viceroy an expedition of four ships was fitted out, on which were embarked sailors, soldiers, and emigrants to the total number of four hundred." At the head of this expedition, Mendana, accompanied by his wife, Donna Isabella Baretto, sailed from Peru in 1595 — twenty-eight years after the return of the first expedition. When about half-way across the Pacific, Mendana discovered a group of islands which he believed to be those he was in quest of; but he soon became convinced of his mistake, and the voyage was continued during thirty-three days. Then, when general discontent expressed by the crews seemed likely to end in revolt, the ships were overtaken by a rain-storm; and after the clouds lifted, the voyagers saw within a league of them the shore of a large island. The discovery was signalled from the flag-ship to the other three vessels, but only two replied: the third, with "probably over a hundred souls on board," which had been seen two or three hours before, was never seen or heard of again. Mendana believed at first that the island was one of those he was in search of, but he was soon undeceived. Nevertheless, the search was abandoned, and the Spaniards proceeded to plant themselves on the shore of a harbor in the island which they had discovered, and to which they gave the name of Santa Cruz. Many of the colonists were destroyed by disease, and many others by the poisoned arrows of the natives; mutiny broke out and added to these disasters; Mendana, broken-hearted, sickened and died; Donna Isabella's brother, who had been selected by Mendana as his successor, died a fortnight afterwards in consequence of a wound he received in an affray with the natives; the survivors of the four hundred who left Peru, thoroughly disheartened, abandoned their colonial enterprise, and left the island in the three remaining ships; two of them finally reached the Philippine Islands; but the third, the *Fragata*, lost the company of the other ships, and "never more appeared."

Among those who reached the Philippines was Quiros, who acted as the pilot of Mendana, and who, as well as Gallego, accompanied him in the expedition which resulted in the original discovery of the Solomon Islands. "Nothing daunted by disaster and ill-success," Quiros determined to renew the search for those islands "and the other unknown lands in that region." He returned to Peru and sought assistance to fit out another expe-

dition; the viceroy referred him to the court of Spain; and finally, after several years' delay, he was supplied with two ships, which set sail from Callao at the close of 1605. He was accompanied by Louis Vaez de Torres as second in command. In the course of his exploring, he discovered a group of islands called by the natives Taumaco, now known as the Duff Group, and an island called Tucopia, one of the New Hebrides. Here, owing to a mutiny which broke out on board his own ship, his enterprise came to an end; "without being able to acquaint Torres of what had happened, he left the anchorage unperceived in the middle hours of the night, and, after making an ineffectual attempt to find Santa Cruz, sailed for Mexico. He returned to Spain, and in the course of several years presented at least fifty memorials to the king requesting authority to undertake a new expedition for the further exploration of the Isles of Solomon, and for the colonization of "Australia del Espiritu Santo." At length, in 1614, when already an old man, he left Spain for Callao bearing the long sought-for commission from the king. "Death, however, overtook him at Panama on his way to Peru; and with Quiros died all the grand hopes which he had fostered of adding the unknown southern continent to the dominion of Spain." We are not told what was the personal fate of the unfortunate Gallego, who, at all events, suffered cruelly by the burial of his precious journal during nearly three hundred years. Gallego, though undoubtedly the intellectual chief of the expedition, was, in fact, a subordinate officer. The supreme commander was Mendana, and whatever official report of the discoveries which were made, if any such report were drawn up, must have been presented by him to the Spanish government, Gallego having no official recognition except by virtue of the authority of Mendana, whose authority ceased when his function as supreme commander was terminated by the return of the expedition to Peru; and thus the author of the long-lost journal seemingly retired from active life. At all events, he disappeared so completely that the efforts which have been made to track out his subsequent career have proved futile. He is, therefore, known to posterity solely as the author of his extremely important and interesting journal. In 1613, forty-five years after the return of the expedition to Peru, Dr. Figueroa published, at Madrid, a work in which he incorporated "a very brief and imperfect account" of the dis-

covery of the Solomon Islands by the Spaniards; and, though he does not name the source of his information, it is evident, as Dr. Guppy points out, that that information was derived, directly or indirectly, from Gallego's journal. The fact that Figueroa knew of its existence makes its suppression until the second quarter of the present century especially astounding.

After the death of Quiros, one hundred and fifty years passed away before any further knowledge of the Solomon Islands was obtained, or indeed, as it seems, before they were seen again by any European. Meanwhile, the traditional belief in their discovery had almost died out even in Peru, "where the actual existence of these islands came to be doubted; and successive viceroys held it a political maxim to treat the question of the existence of the Solomon Islands as a romance."

In 1767, an exploring expedition, consisting of two ships, the Dolphin, commanded by Captain Wallis, and the Swallow, commanded by Carteret, left Plymouth for the Pacific. After passing the Straits of Magellan the two ships were separated. Captain Carteret sailed westward, and, being in 167° W. long. and 10° S. lat., kept his course westward in the same parallel, "in hopes," as he remarks, "to have fallen in with some of the islands called Solomon's Islands." Having reached the meridian 177° 30' E. long. without finding them, he came to the conclusion "that if there were any such islands their situation was erroneously laid down." Continuing his course about one thousand miles still more westward he arrived at a group of islands, the largest of which he supposed to be the Santa Cruz of Mendana, which had not been visited by any European since his disastrous attempt to found a colony there one hundred and seventy years before. He saw and renamed several of these islands, and communicated with the natives; and some of the islands he named are still known by the names he gave them; but he was wholly unconscious that he had re-discovered the Solomon Islands—the very group he was in search of.

In 1768, the French navigator, Bougainville, came upon the west coast of a large island now known by the name he gave it—Choiseul Island, one of the Solomon group. After passing through the straits, and along the coast of the large island which now bears his name, he left the Solomon Islands wholly ignorant, as appears from his own narrative, that he, too,

had been actually visiting the very archipelago the existence and position of which were at that time subjects of keen interest to geographers. Again, M. de Surville, commanding an expedition which sailed from Pondicherry in 1769, reached the north-east coast of the island St. Isabel, and sighted other islands of the Solomon group, to which he gave names; and afterwards, "in total ignorance of the fact that he had been cruising amongst the islands of the lost archipelago of Mendana, Surville now directed his course for New Zealand." Two years later Maurelle, the Spanish navigator, came upon the Candelaria shoals which lie some distance to the north of Isabel Island, and approached another, the Roncador shoal, which is also north of, but nearer to, that island. "Thus," as Dr. Guppy observes, "it nearly fell to the lot of the Spanish nation to be among the first to find the group they had originally discovered." But Maurelle, unaware of his nearness to it, proceeded on his voyage. A like fate befell Lieutenant Shortland, who, conveying a fleet of transports from Port Jackson to Europe in 1788, reached the south coast of St. Christoval. He skirted the south side of the Solomon group, and passing through Bougainville Straits, to which he gave his own name, he continued on his voyage unconscious that he had rediscovered the long-lost Solomon Islands. But so accurate were his observations along the south side of these islands that the names given by him to its numerous headlands are retained in the present Admiralty chart. Moreover, it is from him that Mount Lamma, the highest peak of Guadalcanar, received its name.

Seven years, however, before Shortland visited the islands, and while Maurelle was in their vicinity, a sagacious as well as patient and laborious Frenchman, M. Buache, collating and reflecting on the several observations of Carteret, Bougainville, and Surville, demonstrated to the French Academy of Sciences, in 1781, that the islands which these navigators had visited and to which each of them, supposing himself to be their first discoverer, had given different names, were in reality the long-lost islands of the Solomon group. This conclusion was generally recognized by French geographers as most probably true; and when the illustrious navigator La Pérouse was setting out, in 1785, on his "ill-fated expedition," he was instructed to examine with especial care the numerous islands of the Solomon group. This he was fated not to do; his ships were

totally wrecked on the "reef-girt shores of Vanicoro," he and his men being never seen again by any European. This calamity, as Dr. Guppy remarks, "must have been, in a double sense, a cause of disappointment to M. Fleurieu, who, following in the steps of M. Buache, had hoped to demonstrate the correctness of the views of the French geographers by the results of the explorations of La Pérouse." However, M. Fleurieu's work, "*Découvertes des François en 1768 et 1769 dans le sud-est de la Nouvelle Guinée*," confirmed decisively the demonstration of Buache that the discoveries of Carteret, Bougainville, Surville, and Shortland were each discoveries of one and the same group of islands, and that, undoubtedly, these were the "long-list islands of the Solomon group."

Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, commanding a French expedition which was cruising in the western Pacific for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of La Pérouse, and of making a detailed exploration of the Solomon Islands, visited them in 1792, but he does not appear to have added much to the pre-existing knowledge of them. They were afterwards visited successively by an American, Captain Morell, in the clipper *Margaret Oakley*, bound on a trading and exploring voyage, in 1834; by the French navigator, Dumont D'Urville, in 1838; by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in H.M.S. *Sulphur*, in 1840; by Captain Andrew Cheyne, in the trading schooner *Naiad*, in 1844; by a French Roman Catholic bishop, together with eighteen priests, in 1847; by M. Dutailis, in command of the French corvette *L'Ariane*, in 1848; by Mr. Benjamin Boyd, in his yacht *Wanderer*, in 1851; and by Captain Denham in H.M.S. *Herald*, in 1854.

From 1595, the year of Mendana's disastrous attempt to plant a colony of Spaniards on the Solomon Islands, to 1851, when Mr. Boyd visited them, the life-history of the Europeans who have been more or less occupied in connection with them has been in many cases deplorably tragic. We have already mentioned the fate of Mendana and Quiros, and of at least two hundred of Mendana's companions who lost their lives in the first year of their colonizing enterprise. Of the French commanders who visited the Solomon Islands, or who sought to do so, all, except Bougainville, "died during the voyage or shortly after their return. Surville was drowned on his arrival at Peru, La Pérouse met his untimely fate at Vanicoro, and neither of the two commanders of the expedition that was sent in search

of him survived the voyage. Dentrecaux died from scurvy off New Britain, and his companion, Huon Kermadec, died before the ships left New Caledonia. Lastly, D'Urville was killed in a railway accident at Paris, whilst engaged in the completion of the narrative of his expedition." Moreover, the French Roman Catholic bishop, already mentioned, was killed by the natives almost as soon as he had landed; they are supposed to have murdered him for the sake of possessing themselves of his dress and his ornaments. In the same year, 1847, three French missionaries were murdered by the hill-tribes of St. Christoval. Finally, in September, 1851, Mr. Boyd, who left his yacht *Wanderer* at anchor, and who, accompanied by a native of Panapa, landed with his gun at Guadalcanar, was never seen again. Both he and his companion "appear to have met with their death at the hands of the natives soon after landing. A great number of natives attacked the yacht, but were repulsed by the crew with grape-shot and musketry." After "an ineffectual search had been made for Mr. Boyd and his companion, . . . the *Wanderer* left the group, and in the following month she was totally lost on the bar of Port Macquarie on the Australian coast."

We shall now attempt to give a brief outline of the main features of the Solomon Islands.

The islands, as a whole, are undoubtedly of volcanic origin; in several, igneous rocks form their characteristic feature; and, in those seemingly of a calcareous nature, there are, nevertheless, central nuclei of a volcanic character, over which the calcareous strata have been deposited. As stated by Dr. Guppy: "It is most probable that the greater number of the seven large islands of the group are mainly composed of these ancient and highly altered volcanic rocks. The island of Bougainville, however, would appear to be of more recent volcanic origin. It seems to be formed by a linear series of lofty mountain cones, one at least of which is active at the present day." New Georgia has probably the same structure. Those islands which "are composed entirely, or in the main, of recently erupted rocks . . . possess craters, and sometimes exhibit signs of latent activity." There is reason to believe that some of the islands have been formed by the deposit of volcanic mud, of foraminiferous shells, and, later, of crusts of coral limestone, over the tops of submerged volcanoes.

Referring to Treasury Island, Dr. Guppy says: "Here a submarine volcanic peak has been brought up to within the depths at which reef-corals thrive, partly by constant piling up of sediment, but mainly by the upheaving movements. In all probability Ugi Island has had the same history; but there is this difference, that denudation has not yet exposed the ancient submerged volcanic peak."

There are several islands in which calcareous formations of coral origin are the main, or even exclusive, feature. For example, the Three Sisters and Stirling Island, which do not reach to a hundred feet in height, are composed entirely of coral limestone. "Then there are islands, such as Alu, the principal one of the Shortland Islands, in which the volcanic mass has become an eccentric nucleus from which line after line of barrier reef has been advanced, based on the soft deposit. These deposits contain, amongst other organic remains, the shells of pteropods and the tests of foraminifera in great abundance. . . . Then we have the upraised atoll of Santa Anna which, within the small compass of a height of four hundred and seventy feet, displays the stages of its growth; first the original submerged volcanic peak; then the investing soft deposit; and over all a ring of coral limestone that cannot far exceed one hundred and fifty feet in thickness. Lastly, we come to the mountainous islands, such as St. Christoval, which are composed in mass of very ancient volcanic rocks flanked on the lower slopes of their seaborders by recent calcareous formations."

An interesting feature of the Solomon Islands, and one which is very common in limestone formations, consists in the remarkable caves found in Ugi Island and in one of the islands of the Florida group. The chief inhabitants of these caves are large bats.

When I visited this locality with Mr. Howard in July, 1882 [says Dr. Guppy], we were obliged before entering to drive out a large number of the bats by which the caves were tenanted. We first found ourselves in an irregular chamber from twenty-five to thirty feet across, in which rubbish and masses of rock had accumulated. This we named the hall. Passing under a low arch, we entered a large circular chamber, which communicated with the external air by a funnel-shaped hole in the roof, situated about forty feet overhead. We named this chamber the saloon. Turning to the right, we descended a narrow dark passage, bearing small stalagmites on its sides, that brought us to a small chamber, named the study, which is really the lower portion of

the outer chamber. Whilst we were ascending the narrow passage, the large bats extinguished my candle, knocked the matches out of my hand, and made themselves generally unpleasant.

In the eastern island of the Florida group, between two and three miles from the native village of Gaeta, are some very remarkable limestone caverns, known by the natives as the Suku Caves, and by them believed until recently to have no ending. Dr. Guppy visited them under the guidance of Bishop Selwyn, and has given an interesting description of them; but want of space prevents us from quoting it here. The Rev. Alfred Penny was the first white man who visited these caves. There is one entrance, but at a distance of about two hundred yards within, the cavern bifurcates. "One arm," says Mr. Penny, "by far the larger though not the longer, extended only a little distance, and then came to an abrupt end. The other, out of which the river rushed, led away into the heart of the mountain; but so low was the roof that it did not seem to be more than a yard clear of the water." Mr. Penny penetrated only a little distance beyond the point of bifurcation; but his account of the cavern given to Bishop Selwyn induced the bishop to declare that he would follow up the course of the river as far as he could, notwithstanding the possibility of encountering an alligator, although the fear of doing so had prevented Mr. Penny from prolonging his exploration. We give his brief account of the bishop's achievement:—

Taking candles and matches, a bundle of stout fishing-lines, and a hatchet, he started one day with a couple of guides for the place. When they came to the point where the course of the river turns off into the small arm of the cavern, they made fast one end of the fishing-line to a rock, and taking the roll with them they paid it out as they advanced. The object of this was twofold—to measure the distance, and as a precaution, in case their candle came to an end, when they would be able to find their way back by the line. In places the roof was so low that they had to crouch as they waded; in others it rose so high that the faint light of their candles failed to pierce its gloom. Sometimes, as the channel widened, the water was shallow; and, again, as it narrowed, the water came breast-high. At last they saw a flicker of daylight, and presently they came out into a valley, which the guides had never seen before, on the other side of the mountain. The river, now a little stream, rose close by, and flowed into the opening from which they had just emerged. The length of the cavern was 730 yards. The only living creature they met was

a huge eel, but he was quite friendly, and did not offer to fight or fly. He might have been blind as he lived in the dark, but he was strangely indifferent to what must have been a most exceptional incident in his life, a visit from a bishop.*

At the present time there does not seem to be more than one volcano in activity; this is in the centre of Bougainville Island, and is called Bagana. It forms a conspicuous object for passing vessels, and is visible from the west coast of the Shortland Islands, more than fifty miles away. In 1884 there was a great explosion in this volcano, by which a number of natives were killed; and, from information gathered by Dr. Guppy from several sources, it seems that this volcano has been in continual eruption for the last fifteen or twenty years. A great number of volcanoes, either dormant or extinct, are scattered throughout the group, sometimes rising, in small islets, to only a slight elevation above the sea-level, but in other cases becoming huge cloud-capped cones reaching to a height of from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea.

The small island of Savo, "which lies off the north-west end of Guadalcanar," which "is circular in form, about three miles in diameter, and just eighteen hundred feet in height, is simply a volcanic mountain. This island was called by Gallego, Sesarga, and in 1567, when the group was discovered, its volcano was in full activity. The last eruption of it seems to have occurred about thirty-five or forty years since, when large quantities of water, dust, and ashes were ejected, and several natives were killed." From the reports of observers during the period between 1874 and 1882, Dr. Guppy learned that at that time sulphurous vapors escaped from the volcano, and that "a white cloud displaying lightning [*ferilli*] in its midst used to form over the mountain-top in the evening. Of late years, these vapors, according to the reports of the natives, have been evolved in much less quantity. On account of the waning activity of its vent, the volcanic character of Savo is not generally known."

In the volcanic island of Simbo the lava is extensively decomposed, and in it are several fumaroles from which watery vapor is discharged in considerable quantities. The temperature of the watery vapor in three of these holes was found by Dr. Guppy to range from 175° to 180°.

* Ten Years in Melanesia. By the Rev. Alfred Penny, M.A. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. Pp. 109, 110.

and did not vary two degrees in the space of two hours. At a village from seven to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea he found two fumaroles emitting watery vapor, which is employed by the natives for cooking purposes. In one of the fumaroles he registered a temperature between 208° and 290°. There are also in this island boiling springs, which, in fact, are small fumaroles to which sea water has access. "Forming incrustations around these holes, and on the rocks in their vicinity, are deposits of sulphur, alum, gypsum, and opal, the last usually milk-white, but sometimes approaching hyalite in appearance. The sulphur and alum are in considerable quantities, and might be easily worked."

Considering the volcanic character of these islands, the reader will, of course, expect that earthquakes among them are of frequent occurrence. Dr. Guppy consoles us by the assurance "that, as a rule, they are of moderate character;" but he says:—

When anchored near the shore, it is possible, more especially in the stillness of the night, to get some corroborative evidence in the case of a true shock. Very often the rumbling sound that precedes the shock may be heard, and sometimes, if the ship is anchored near a coral islet, frequented by fruit-pigeons, the cries of the startled birds in the trees accompany the tremulous motion of the cable. It is, however, probable that earthquake shocks occur with greater violence and in greater number in the region of Bougainville Straits than at the eastern end of the group; and this arises from the fact that the volcanic forces display greater activity in the western portion of the group.

Respecting the frequency of earthquakes, some careful observations were made in 1882–3 by two gentlemen in the eastern extremity of the Solomon group, and they found that, from July 9 to November 13, 1882, they experienced twelve earthquakes, and from February 16 to December 1, 1883, they experienced thirteen earthquakes, thus making twenty-five shocks during the period of eighteen months. Mr. William Heughan reports that in the middle of 1881 a considerable wave entered Port Mary on the west side of Santa Anna, and rose several feet above the high-tide level. Such great sea-waves, occasioned by volcanic disturbance, are not, however, known to occur frequently.

As might be expected, islands of volcanic origin are likely to abound in mineral wealth, and accordingly, though but

brief superficial investigations of the Solomon Islands with a view to their mineral contents have as yet been made, Dr. Guppy reports that "stream tin," arsenical iron, and copper pyrites have already been found both in the island of Bougainville and in that of St. Christoval.

The ports and harbors of the Solomon Islands do not seem to have received special attention from Dr. Guppy; at all events, he tells very little about them, and what he does say is said for the most part incidentally when referring to other matters. His description of the port of Makari is, however, very precise. This port, in St. Christoval, he tells us is "hemmed in by lofty hills, and approached by a narrow entrance a quarter of a mile in width," and "affords one of the most sheltered anchorages in this part of the Solomon group." There appears to be a harbor called Mbol, in one of the Florida Islands, for he says: "In the spit that runs out for about a third of a mile on the east side of Mbol harbor," he "discovered rocks of great interest." Again he says, referring to Port Mary, in the island of Santa Anna: "The shore reefs which skirt the circumference of Santa Anna enclose a remarkable circular lagoon eight hundred yards across, which, entered by a narrow passage, affords a snug anchorage for ships during the south-east trade; it has a depth of from sixteen to eighteen fathoms." The nature of this anchorage reminds us of the way in which Gallego, following the indications of the *noctiluca*, found a like anchorage in the Solomon Islands three hundred and twenty years ago. He wrote:—

When the night overtook us, we were without knowledge of any port, having much thick weather, with wind and rain. Guided by the phosphorescence of the sea, we skirted the reefs; and when I saw that the reefs did not make the sea phosphorescent, I weathered the point, and entered a good harbor at the fourth hour of the night, where, much to our ease, we passed the remainder of the night.

This port, he adds, is in a great bay. Possibly this may be Choiseul Bay, which is in Choiseul Island. Dr. Guppy mentions "the large streams which empty their waters" into this bay; one of these is the Mulamabuli River, and this, he says, "opens into the harbor." We presume, therefore, that the bay and harbor in question are one and the same.

The rivers of the Solomon Islands are necessarily small, inasmuch as the largest island of the group, Bougainville, is only one hundred and ten miles long. Most

of them are short and rapid, descending as they do from hilly, or mountainous, regions. There are in the islands several interesting waterfalls — one in Treasury Island, called Tetabu, having a fall of between two and three hundred feet. The largest of the rivers, or rather streams, are navigable for a very short distance, generally speaking from one to three or four miles, and most of them empty themselves at points on the coast where, by their action, anchorages for vessels have been in large measure formed.

There are a few small lakes in the islands, the origin of which, in some cases at all events, is very interesting. These are, of course, fresh-water lakes, which formerly were salt-water lagoons communicating with the sea, and which, owing to the geological upheaval of the islands in which they occur, have become isolated from the sea, and the fish in them, originally marine, have finally assumed fresh-water habits; there is such a lake in Treasury Island. "The interior of the island of Santa Anna," says Dr. Guppy, "may be briefly described as a closed basin, which is completely cut off from the sea; and since its lowest portion is occupied by the two fresh-water lakes which extend downwards to the depth of about one hundred feet below the sea-level, the whole island may be aptly compared to a basin of fresh water floating on the sea."

At the end of his botanical notes concerning the vegetation of the Solomon Islands, Dr. Guppy says that the characteristic features of it

are to be found in the number and variety of the areca palms; in the abundance of the *Alpinia heliconias*, and other scitamineous plants; in the imposing size and form of the banyans and the buttress trees; and in the profusion of ferns. . . . Ferns abound everywhere: in moist and dry situations; in sheltered and exposed districts; now decking the tree-trunks with their draperies, or concealing the unsightliness of the decaying log; here covering the bare slopes of some lofty hilltop, or clothing the surface of some treeless tract.

In various parts of his work, Dr. Guppy speaks of dense forests and grassy slopes. Of course, the islands being within the tropics, have an exceedingly luxurious vegetation, which is greatly varied owing to their mountainous character. He mentions that in the island of St. Christoval is a tract of underlying land of a park-like character, "the surface of which is clothed only with short grass and ferns;" then, referring to the island of Guadalcanar, he

says, "A sombre forest growth clothes its more elevated eastern portion. In the western half there lies an extensive prairie district, covered with high grass, and dotted here and there in its hollows with patches of forest." The Florida Islands present similar features. The larger trees commonly reach a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Meeting overhead, the

foliage and the smaller branches of these lofty trees form [says Dr. Guppy] a dense leafy screen roofing over, as it were, a series of lofty corridors in which the palms and the lesser trees flourish. The gloom that there prevails is rarely lightened by the direct rays of the sun, except here and there through the gap left by the downfall of one of the huge trunks that now lies rotting on the ground. Nor is the silence that reigns often broken, except by the cooing of the fruit-pigeons overhead, or by the rushing flight of the hornbill startled from its repose. Here the steady blast of the trade is no longer felt, and is only perceptible in the movements of the foliage of the tallest trees.

The islands are far from rich in animal life, the mammalian forms being represented, so far as we learn, by hogs and wild dogs. How these animals came to inhabit the islands we are unable to state; but that hogs were there before the white man had any contact with the Solomon group is proved by the fact that when the Spaniards discovered the islands, one of the first presents which was received from the natives was a hog. The wild dog seems capable of being trained and domesticated, for we learn that Gorai, a chief of the Shortland Islands, had some of these dogs with him and made use of them when hunting the wild hog. There is a kind of opossum called *cuscus*, which abounds in the islands. Concerning the birds, Dr. Guppy's information is very scanty, but he gives a very interesting account of the "handsome ground-pigeon known as the Nicobar pigeon," which "is commonly observed in the wooded islets on the coral reefs of the Solomon group." This bird is remarkable by the possession of the power of cracking very hard seeds by means of its gizzard, which, as he says, "is in its structure and mechanism a veritable pair of nutcrackers." The gizzard is of surprising thickness, "and is composed of two muscular halves, each having a maximum thickness of five-eighths of an inch, and united with each other in front and behind by a stout, distensible membrane which is the proper wall of the organ." There is usually found in the gizzard of these birds a small quartz pebble

varying in weight between thirty and sixty grains. "Now and then, in the absence of quartz, the bird has chosen a pebble of some hard volcanic rock. It is a singular circumstance that, although these pigeons frequent coral islets where they can easily find hard pebbles of coral rock, they prefer quartz pebbles, which are of comparatively rare occurrence. I never found any calcareous pebble in their gizzards."

Another remarkable bird is the sand-fowl; it differs from the koleo, a bird which is well known in Africa, and which lays its eggs in the sand.

The Solomon Island sand-fowl is peculiar in that it does not raise a mound of sand over its eggs, and in not having a crest on its head. In size and appearance it resembles a moorhen, and, like the moorhen, will not fly if it can help doing so. The color of the bird is reddish brown, and of its egg, which is very large in proportion, like the color of a Galline's. By day the birds live in the "bush," and at night they come down to the shore to lay their eggs. They burrow, like rabbits, in the sand; and, having deposited their eggs, go about their business, and take no further interest in the matter. The soft warm sand effectually does the duties of an incubator and foster-mother, and the young chick, by a wonderful provision of nature, is able to shift for itself from the first.

Sometimes the eggs are found at the extraordinary depth of about five feet.*

Reptiles abound — there being nineteen kinds of them. Crocodiles are frequent, and chiefly occupy the swamps and sandy shores of the inhabited coral islets and coasts of the larger islands in the vicinity of the mouths of the streams and rivers. They seem to be quite at home in salt and fresh water. They do not appear to attain a greater length than twelve or thirteen feet. The natives, who are rarely attacked by them, show little or no fear of them. "I have seen," says Dr. Guppy, "a full-grown crocodile dart under a line of swimmers without causing any dismay." He adds that of the numerous crocodiles he saw all were but too anxious to get out of his way, and, certainly, their cowardly nature is well shown in his account of his capture of a specimen. The lizards are well represented in these islands, and six species of snake have been found, one of them being a harmless species of the boa family. Dr. Guppy supposed all these snakes to be harmless, but he says he was surprised to learn from Dr. Gunther, on his arrival in England, that among the specimens he had brought with him he

had found a new species as poisonous as the cobra. Toads and frogs are plentiful. There seems to be an abundance of fish, as they form a staple article of diet of a large proportion of the islanders. The lakes contain fresh-water fish, many of them of large size; and off the coasts fish of various kinds are caught with great facility by the natives. They adopt a peculiar method of fishing by means of a kite, used in an ingenious manner, for a description of which we refer our readers to pages 151 and 152 of Dr. Guppy's volume entitled "The Solomon Islands and their Natives."

It is not uncommon in these seas to observe porpoises, large fish, and sea-birds joining together in the pursuit of small fry. On one occasion, when in my Rob Roy canoe, I got into the thick of the fray. A large number of sea-birds were hovering over the water, which was alive with fish, about a foot in length, which, in pursuit of small fry, were themselves pursued by a shoal of porpoises, and were pecked at by the birds as, in their endeavor to escape, they leapt out of the water. It was a lively spectacle. The fish jumped out of the water all around me, whilst the birds, hovering within reach of my paddle, swooped down on them; and the huge porpoises, joining lazily in the sport, rose quietly to the surface within a few feet of the canoe, showed their dorsal fins, and dived again in pursuit of their prey.

Probably the most remarkable fish found around the Solomon Islands is the one called by the natives the *boila*, which often exceeds, it is said, forty pounds in weight. The Rev. Mr. Penny, in his interesting volume, "Ten Years in Melanesia," which we have already quoted, gives a description of this curious creature. He says:—

The front of the head is formed of a large bony substance, and is covered by a skinny cartilage. . . . Below the square head is a mouth furnished, not with two rows of teeth, for there are no divisions, but with nippers. The Boila seeks its food by charging the clumps of coral which form a refuge for the small crabs. The rocks it shatters with its head as a battering-ram, and then the crabs, deprived of their shelter, fall an easy prey, their hard shells proving of no avail as a protection against the nipper-like teeth and powerful jaws of their enemy.

Another especially notable animal found in the Solomon group is the cocoanut crab (*Birgus latro*), which is not only very fond of cocoanuts and lives upon them chiefly, but which, it is alleged, has the extraordinary power of husking and opening them. There seems to be, how-

* Ten Years in Melanesia. Page 116.

ever, still some doubt as to the reality of this power, but all the evidence adduced by Dr. Guppy tends to prove its existence. On one occasion Dr. Guppy disturbed one of these crabs in the middle of its meal with a full-sized cocoanut within the reach of its powerful pair of big claws. From the fresh-looking appearance of the shell, it had been evidently but recently husked, which operation had been performed more cleanly than if a native had done it. The white kernel had been scooped out to the extent of from one to one and a half inches around the aperture.

Curiously enough there were no cocoanut palms to be seen within fifty paces of the spot where the crab was found in its retreat. Not only had the shell been very recently husked, but it was evident from the fresh condition of the milk and kernel that an interval of less than a couple of hours had elapsed since the opening had been made. There was no possible explanation of the crab having got at the edible portion of the cocoanut except through its own agency. The island is uninhabited, being only occasionally visited by fishing-parties of natives from St. Christoval, none of whom were on the island during the ship's stay. There was therefore the strongest presumptive evidence that the *Birgus* had not only husked the cocoanut, but had also broken the hole at the end, in order to get at the kernel.

From observation of one of these crabs which Dr. Guppy had aboard ship, it was found that on the average it ate two cocoanuts in three days. At this rate a single crab in the course of twelve months would dispose of two hundred and fifty cocoanuts, which represent the annual production of three palms, and therefore between twenty and thirty quarts of oil. Whether the *Birgus* ascends the tree to get the cocoanuts, or whether it contents itself with those that have fallen is a question which has been much debated, and which has not yet been settled.

"Amongst the first living creatures to greet the visitor as he lands on the beach of a coral island in the Pacific, is a small species of hermit crab belonging to the genus *Canobita*, which frequents the beach in great numbers."

Scorpions and millepedes are also of frequent occurrence.

The Solomon Islanders believe in the existence of anthropoid apes in the interiors of the large islands, regarding them, like the Dyaks of Borneo in the case of the orang-outang, as "wild men of the woods." In Malaita they are said to be $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 feet high, and to come down in troops to make raids on the banana plantations. Captain Macdonald informed

me [says Dr. Guppy] that the natives allege that one of these apes was caught, and, after being kept for some time, escaped. Taki, the St. Christoval chief, told Mr. Stephens that he had seen one of these apes, and pointed out the locality. Tanowaio, the Ugi chief, also made a similar statement. In Guadalcanar, they are believed to live in the trees, and to attack men. Dr. Codrington refers to the prevalence of these beliefs throughout Melanesia (Journ. Anthropol. Inst., vol. x., p. 261). Such beliefs, as experience has shown in the case of the gorilla and other anthropoids, have undoubtedly some foundation; but whether these mysterious animals are apes is quite another question.

The limits within which we are obliged to confine this article preclude us from adverting here to the human inhabitants of the Solomon Islands; but we shall give some account of these interesting people in our next number.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BRADSHAW.

IN the process of making a fortune, nothing is so striking as the contrast between the humble store in which the ambitious trader began his operations, and the enormous palace — covering acres, it may be — which is now the scene of his vast enterprises. Here are two productions of human skill and energy now lying before us; one the first, and the other the last, of a series which has spread over a span of nearly fifty years, and illustrate, in a most astonishing way, the contrast between small beginnings and their triumphant development. Of these records, the first is, as it were, the seed, the last the full-grown tree. Between both are over a thousand others, of progressive size, each exhibiting a slight increase over its predecessor. Without further figure, these records are the infant "Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables" of 1839, and the matured, flourishing, corpulent "Bradshaw's Guide" of 1888, which no practised railway traveller is, or indeed can be, without. "Look in Bradshaw!" "Fetch a Bradshaw!" is the usual preliminary to the hurried journey; and the invaluable guide, philosopher, and friend is consulted alike by the escaping malefactor and the officer who pursues. It speeds the parting guest, heralds his arrival, and regulates the wedding and the funeral alike.

In the year 1838 there was living in Manchester one George Bradshaw, a Quaker, who in a rather humble way followed

the calling of an engraver of maps and plans of cities. This brought him into connection with the railways, then beginning to stir the community, and an idea naturally suggested itself of combining his maps and plans in a little manual which should contain the hours of departure, arrival, and stoppages of the few trains then working, and which, being offered at the low price of threepence, might be a convenience to the traveller. It is easy to see that it was the opportunity of displaying his skill in map-drawing which led to this venture, for all the early numbers were garnished with not inelegant specimens of his craft. When the scheme began to prosper, one John Gadsby, of Manchester, claimed to have been the original pioneer, protesting that in the same year he had sent out "Gadsby's Monthly Railway Guide," that being drawn aside from it by other occupations, he had left the field to Bradshaw. A condescending friend long after remarked to him, with some lack of delicacy, that "it was a pity he didn't stick to 'Gadsby's Monthly Guide.'" But the success was really owing to the energy and enterprise of the projector, and it is to be suspected that poor Gadsby was scarcely equal in this respect to Bradshaw.

On October 19, 1839, then, there appeared, in a shy fashion enough, a little book, just 4½ inches by 2½, bound in violet cloth, and entitled —

BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY TIME
TABLES AND ASSISTANT TO
RAILWAY TRAVELLING,

WITH ILLUSTRATED MAPS AND PLANS,
PRICE SIXPENCE.

London: Shepherd and Sutton and Wyld.
10th mo. 19th, 1839.

The maps or plans were "The Railways in Lancashire, with plans of Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds." "Assistant to Railway Travelling" is good, if a little ambiguous. Nothing, indeed, could be more modest than the appeal in the introduction: "This book is published by the assistance of the several railway companies, on which account the information it contains may be depended upon as being correct and authentic. The necessity of such a work is so obvious as to need no apology, and the merits of it can be best ascertained by a reference to the circulation, both as regards the style and correctness of the maps and plans with which it is illustrated." Notice was further given

that "this work will be published on the 1st of 1st mo. 1840, and succeeding editions will appear every three months, with such alterations as have been made in the interim."

Of this rare little volume there is no copy in the British Museum, nor, indeed, does that institution possess any guide of a date earlier than that of 1841. The Bodleian Library, however, is rich in these memorials, having the "Time Tables" of 1839, 10th mo. 25, 1839; also the "Railway Companion" of 1840, and the "Guide" of 1841. Trifling and ephemeral as these productions are, they have become treasures from their scarcity and associations, and we look at them with feelings akin to those with which we visit the original "Comet" engine in the Kensington Museum. It will be noted that in all these early issues, the forms "25th of 10th mo.," then a novelty in favor with the Society of Friends, was adhered to. The materials for his work Bradshaw obtained, as they are now obtained, from the companies. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who in his time has played many parts, and was early concerned in the venture, tells us that the companies were, at first, vehemently opposed to the scheme, and, in their niggard way, refused to supply their tables on the odd ground that this would make punctuality a sort of obligation, and that failure would bring penalties. G. Bradshaw, however, was not to be repulsed, and by various devices, notably by taking many shares, brought over the hostile companies. He was fortunate, too, in finding a London agent who was almost as persevering as he was. This was Mr. Adams, of Fleet Street, a name familiar for half a century to all in want of passport or guide-book — an energetic man, who saw another capability in the enterprise, the development of the advertisement. For the traveller could be appealed to through the agency of his guide, and could be approached in no other way. On this sagacious principle he set to work, and labored for years with complete success, and the sixty odd pages of bold and crowded advertisement that now swell the guide, testify to his sagacity.

The success of his little manual encouraged our Quaker to experiment with another shape of his venture. In the following year he brought out what he called "Bradshaw's Railway Companion," a tiny book, neatly bound in violet cloth, with a gold device in the centre, and in size about four inches by three. The matter contained is virtually the same as that in the

"Time Tables." Barely a dozen railways are described. It was intended as an occasional issue, and the price was sixpence.

This seems now a rather piquant and varied little collection, containing nearly a dozen of carefully executed miniature maps and plans of towns, together with a curious representation of the levels of each line, drawn parallel to each other, with all their stations marked. What strikes one, however, in these early attempts at a guide-book is the complete mastery of the idea as to arrangement and clearness of division; and this has scarcely altered to the present hour. But it was often remarked as one of the miracles of English railway enterprise, that it found the community properly equipped, ready to supply everything that was required; engineers, merchants, surveyors, etc. started up, ready-made and ready to supplement their lack of experience by a fertility of recourse and an ingenious adaptation of their old-fashioned knowledge. We find in the primitive guide the same clearness of purpose and arrangement, even with those references to qualifying notes which are an important feature in the guide of our time. Thus early they had adopted in their table "the thick black lines" which, it was explained, denoted that the trains did not proceed further. "The Companion" languished on till 1848, coming out occasionally — there are about twenty numbers — and a supplement used to be added consisting of a sheet containing all the time-tables, and sold at threepence. It was Adams, the London agent, who urged the necessity of regular, instead of fitful appearance, which alone could give value and certainty to the information. His suggestions were adopted, and this led the enterprising G. Bradshaw to mature yet a third scheme. He had, moreover, not yet satisfied himself as to the title. "Time Tables" was too narrow, "Companion" was trivial and unbusiness-like, "Guide" was more the thing. Accordingly, in December, 1841, we find him issuing "Bradshaw's Monthly General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," which continued to be sent out with due regularity every month during the following years.

In 1843 matters were so far prospering that our projector ventured on a further important change. The duodecimo size was discarded, and the present size, with also the present title, was boldly assumed. It became "Bradshaw's Monthly General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide,"

containing a correct account of the hours of departure of the trains in every railway in Great Britain and Ireland, with a map of the railways in Essex, Oxford, etc., and a list of shares, exhibiting at one view the cost, traffic, length, dividend, and market value of the same; the departure of Her Majesty's mails, with a list of the places to which travellers and voyagers resort, with every useful information." It was to be had at Adams's in Fleet Street, it contained thirty-six pages and dealt with forty-eight railways, but had not yet reached to the logical consistency which could alone bring perfect success. Plans and maps, etc., were outside the purpose of the work, so was the "list of shares," "market values," "dividends," etc., with which the traveller had after all but little concern. These all presently went by the board, the "valuable space" being needed for more essential matter. In the following year an odd and mysterious change in the numbering took place for which it is difficult to offer a reason. The September issue of 1844 was made to bear the number one hundred and forty-six, and thus a leap was made from about number 40.

Quite as characteristic as the growth of the "Guide" are the changes which have taken place in railway habits and customs. Thus at this time we find trains described as "first class," "second class," "mixed," "fast," and "mail," the term "express" not having come into use. Stations too were classified as "first class or otherwise," certain trains calling only at "first class stations." On the London and Birmingham Railway there was a curious method in practice of classifying the fares, which seemed to be regulated by the number of persons in a compartment, and varied according as it was day or night. Thus the charge from London to Birmingham by first class was 32s. 6d., but if four travelled inside by day, or six by night, it was reduced to 30s.; if six travelled inside by day, the second-class carriage was charged 25s., "closed by night," but 20s. "open by day."

It was announced with an almost axiomatic gravity that "first-class trains stop at first-class stations," as though there were a fixed relation between them. Little or no account indeed was taken of the "wag-gons" or "open carriages" as the phrase went, companies in these times seeming to hold the third-class passenger in horror. We find also allusions to what were called "glass coaches." The tickets were described as "check tickets" or "passes,"

and this important caution is laid down, that "the check ticket given to the passenger on payment of his fare will be demanded from him at the station next before his arrival at London or Birmingham, and if not then produced he will be liable to have the fare again demanded. Further, "No smoking is allowed at the stations or in the company's carriages." An annual subscription ticket to Brighton and back was fixed at the startling prohibitive figure of 100*l*!

There were some railway phrases then introduced which were inexpressive enough, and which have given place to much more telling forms. Places were "booked" as in the way-bill of a coach, and you were asked the place to which you were "destined," the place itself being your "destination." The carriages were always described as the "coaches," while "voyagers" "rode" in their "coaches." As to the luggage, "passengers are especially recommended to have their names and address or destination legibly written on each part of their luggage," when it will be placed on the top of the "coach" in which they "ride." If the passenger be "destined for Manchester or Liverpool and has booked his place through, his luggage will be placed on the Liverpool or Manchester coach, and will not be disturbed until it reaches its destination."

There was an odd significance in these directions as to infants: "Children in arms, *unable to walk*, are free of charge," a regulation which showed disinclination to accept the "being in arms" as evidence of being "unable to walk." The seats appear to have been numbered, as it was ruled that "a passenger may claim the seat corresponding to the number on his ticket, and when not numbered he may take any seat not previously occupied." As to "tips" the companies were particularly severe. "No gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any servant of the company." "Soldiers *en route*" were charged under a special agreement. It is well known that in these early days a railway journey was thought a serious and uncertain enterprise, and the companies seem to have tried to allay apprehensions by directions of a minute and soothing, not to say infantine, character, such as "Preserve your ticket until called for by the company's servant." Nowadays, by a sort of instinct, nothing is so precious or so carefully "preserved" as one's ticket. So with the kindly injunction, "Do not lean upon the door of the carriage." In the "Companion" for

1844 we find the companies consulting the pious sentiment of their customers, for it is laid down that "On Sundays the trains cease running from ten three quarters until one, being the hours of divine service." This it will be seen is a matter of respect, not as now when the amount of Sunday trains is regulated by the demands of the traffic, which on the Sabbath is but slender.

Dogs were to be "conveyed in a proper vehicle," while "gentlemen riding in their own carriages" were charged second-class fares. The word used for "correspondence" was "conjunction" and "joining." Thus, "The train from — joins the train from —;" or we are told (regardless of the jingle) of "trains in conjunction with the Grand Junction." Post-horses were kept "in readiness" at the principal stations of the great railways, such as London, Birmingham, Bristol, etc., and on due notice given, would be sent to bring carriages from any part of London at the general charge of half a sovereign. As we have seen, the companies invariably use "ride" as their favorite technical word for "travel," but they furnished a happy *reductio ad absurdum* of this unpleasant word when they fixed a special tariff for "servants and grooms *riding with their horses*."

Close on fifty years have passed by, and our guide with every year has continued like Mr. Stiggins to be a "swellin' wisely." The transformation is indeed almost like one in a pantomime. The existing "Bradshaw" has become really a vast enterprise which entails a constant strain upon all the resources of its projectors, not the least being the difficulty in the face of ever-increasing material to keep the whole within measurable bounds. Perpetual and minute changes are taking place in the hours and places, and these have to be introduced often at the last moment. The type is perhaps the most crowded of any known type, yet it has also to be made clear and brilliant. The paper must be thin and light, yet it must not be transparent, or the type will be seen through it. Another intricate problem is to compress the arrangement of a railway into two pages, so that a general view of the whole may be set before the traveller, an almost procrustean task. There are besides innumerable intellectual processes in the way of abstraction and simplification, so as to make the intricate complications of crossing or "joining" trains clear and intelligible. Mystifying as all this is to the uninitiated, the practised hand soon

learns the key and will thread his way readily through the maze; nay, by a little study will be rewarded by discovering extraordinary facilities for his movements, short cuts and happy solutions of difficulties, which will save him time and money. A few years ago there was a sort of abridgement of the time-tables of some half-dozen of the great railways, supposed to give a clue to the bewildering maze of figures, but this has recently been dropped out.

Compressed into this wonderful "six-penn'orth" of information there is an amount of matter and type which only careful calculation and comparison can give an idea of. A single page will be found to contain an enormous collection of characters, words, numerals, which are as laborious to set by the compositor as words. An ordinary page of a novel contains about five-and-twenty lines, each line holding from eight to ten words; so each page might be set down roughly as containing, say, three hundred words. But a page of Bradshaw contains some eighty lines, each line having about forty characters; the whole therefore displays about three thousand characters, and therefore equivalent to some ten pages of the novel. Four hundred pages of the guide would be equivalent to, say four thousand pages of a novel, and as an ordinary novel runs to three volumes, of three hundred pages each, this little manual will be found to contain the matter of some twelve octavo volumes. There are besides sixty pages of advertisements, equivalent at least to a couple of volumes more. To follow out the comparison further, the weight of the original little guide was but a couple of ounces, while the modern Bradshaw is over eleven.

What a monument this is of British railway enterprise can be shown by yet another comparison. As is well known, the spirited Bradshaw soon supplemented his labors by a "Continental Guide," which now furnishes the tables of the foreign lines. Here we find all the railways of France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Spain, Algiers, etc. Yet the whole universe and its railways put together fills but three hundred pages, a fourth less space than that devoted to England alone. As usual, foreign nations have offered the sincerest form of flattery by imitating *in omnibus* this useful model. In Germany there is found "Hendschel's Telegraph," a replica of our foreign Bradshaw; France has its "Chaix Guide;" Belgium a rather lean compilation, "Guide des Voyageurs."

In most of these countries there is an excellent and useful plan adopted, of displaying the whole railway system of the kingdom on a single sheet, which is affixed to the walls of every station. At the head of each line is set out in bold letters the names of the leading towns to which the line runs. The only drawback is that as every inquirer finds it necessary to run his finger down the figures till he reaches what he is in search of, the whole speedily becomes blackened and illegible. Another serviceable device is the printing in faint outlines on the time-table a general map of the railway system, which gives an idea of the distance, relative position, etc. In Italy, the railway companies place a streak of transparent color on the columns devoted to night trains, while in other countries a larger form of figure is used to make the same distinction. This has been tried in England, but has apparently found no favor; the truth is our lines are so elaborate in their arrangements and the trains so multiplied, that all such attempts to simplify only cause confusion. The public prefers to find out these things for itself.

"Bradshaw's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," which once appealed so humbly for aid from Brown Street, Manchester, now is issued from an imposing building devoted to its presses, composition, agencies, etc. It is published by Blacklock, one of the original firm of Bradshaw and Blacklock. The worthy, untiring G. Bradshaw has himself long since passed away, and fell, as was becoming, in the cause of British homes and duty, and the "Guide." He had gone to Norway in 1853, to make some arrangements with the companies of that country. The cholera was raging. He was seized with illness, and died. Let us hope that this public benefactor travelled peacefully "through" to his "destination," a region where, it is to be hoped, he will no more be bewildered with such whirling words as "express," "fast," etc., and will never be checked at his journey's end by the black line and fatal word "*stop*."

From The Fortnightly Review.
CARICATURE, THE FANTASTIC, THE
GROTESQUE.

I.

CARICATURE is a distinct species of characterization, in which the salient features of a person or an object have been

emphasized with the view of rendering them ridiculous. The derivation of this word justifies my definition. It comes from the Italian *caricare*, to charge with a burden, or to surcharge. Thus *caricare un ritratto* means to exaggerate what is already prominent in the model, and in this way to produce a likeness which misrepresents the person, while it remains recognizable. Instead of emphasis, simple distortion may be used to secure the effect of a caricature. For example, the hints suggested by reflection in a spoon are amplified into an absurd portrait. Some faces and figures lend themselves better to the concave, others to the convex surface of the spoon. Or a fairly accurate image of a man or woman, modelled in gutta-percha, may be pulled about in various directions, with the result of producing a series of burlesque portraits, in which the likeness of the individual is never wholly lost.

The most effective kind of caricature does not proceed by such distortion. It renders its victim ludicrous or vile by exaggerating what is defective, mean, ignoble in his person, indicating at the same time that some corresponding flaws in his spiritual nature are revealed by them. The masterpieces of this art are those in which truth has been accentuated by slight but deft and telling emphasis. Nothing, as Aretino once remarked, is more cruel than malevolent insistence upon fact. You cannot injure your neighbor better than by telling the truth about him, if the truth is to his discredit. You cannot make him appear ridiculous more crushingly than by calling attention to real faults in his physique.

Those extraordinary caricatures of human faces which Lionardo da Vinci delighted to produce, illustrate both methods of emphasis and distortion. But they also exhibit the play of a fantastic imagination. He accentuated the analogies of human with bestial features, or degraded his models to the level of goitred idiots by subtle blurrings and erasures of their noble traits.

Caricature is not identical with satire. Caricature implies exaggeration of some sort. The bitterest satire hits its mark by no exaggeration, but by indignant and unmerciful exposure of ignobility. Yet caricature has always been used for satirical purposes, with notable effect by Aristophanes in his political comedies, with coarse vigor by Gilray in lampoons of the last century, with indulgent humor by our contemporary *Punch*.

The real aim of caricature is to depreciate its object by evoking contempt or stirring laughter, when the imaginative rendering of the person is an unmistakable portrait, but defects are brought into relief which might otherwise have escaped notice. Instead therefore of being realistic, this branch of art must be reckoned as essentially idealistic. In so far as a caricature is powerfully conceived, it calls into play fine, though never the noblest, never the most amiable, qualities of interpretation.

II.

THE fantastic need have no element of caricature. It invariably implies a certain exaggeration or distortion of nature; but it lacks that deliberate intention to disparage, which lies at the root of caricature. What we call fantastic in art results from an exercise of the capricious fancy, playing with things which it combines into arbitrary non-existent forms. These may be merely graceful, as is the case with arabesques devised by old Italian painters — frescoed patterns upon walls and ceilings, in which tendrils of the vine, acanthus foliage, parts of beasts and men and birds, and fabulous creatures are brought into quasi-organic fusion with candelabra, goblets, lyres, and other familiar objects of utility.

In its higher manifestations fantastic art creates beautiful or terrific forms in correspondence with some vision of the excited imagination. The sphinx and the dragon, the world-snake of Scandinavian mythology, Shakespeare's Ariel, Dante's Lucifer, are fantastic in this higher sense. In their real conditions of man's subjective being have taken sensuous shape at the bidding of creative genius. The artist, while giving birth to such fantastic creatures of imagination, resembles a deeply stirred and dreaming man, whose brain projects impossible shapes to symbolize the perturbations of his spirit. Myth and allegory, the metamorphosis of mortals into plants, fairies, satyrs, nymphs, and tutelary deities of sea or forest, are examples of the fantastic in this sphere of highest poetry.

According to the view which I have just expressed, fantastic art has to be considered as the least realistic of all artistic species; it is that in which the human mind shows its ideality, its subjective freedom, its independence of fact and external nature, most completely. Here a man's studies of reality outside him, acute and penetrating as these may be,

become subservient to the presentation of thoughts and emotions which have no validity except for his internal consciousness.

He will watch from dawn till gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.

When well constructed, powerfully conceived, vigorously projected, with sufficiency of verisimilitude to give them rank among extraordinary phenomena, and with sufficient correspondence to the natural moods of human thought, these phantasies and their appropriate shapes acquire a reality of their own, and impose upon the credulity of mankind. They are felt to be actual through the force with which their makers felt them, and through their adaptation to the fancies of imaginative minds in general. Thus the chimæra of Hellenic sculpture, the horned and hoofed devil of mediæval painting, Shakespeare's Caliban, Milton's Death, Goethe's Mephistopheles, can all be claimed as products of fantastic art. Yet these figments are hardly less real for our consciousness than the Farnese bull, Lancelot, Landseer's stags, Hamlet, Dr. Brown's Rab, Adam Bede, and other products of imaginative art which are modelled from familiar objects. In this way fantastic art strikingly brings home to us the truth of what Tasso once said: *Non è creatore se non Iddio ed il poeta* (God and the poet are the only creators). It does this because it proves that the recombining power of the imagination, as in dreams, so also in poetry and plastic art, is able to construct unrealities which possess even more than the spiritual influence and all but the validity of fact for human minds.

III.

THE grotesque is a branch of the fantastic. Its specific difference lies in the fact that an element of caricature, whether deliberately intended or imported by the craftsman's spontaneity of humor, forms an ingredient in the thing produced. Certain races and certain epochs display a predilection for the grotesque, which is conspicuously absent in others. Hellenic art, I think, was never intentionally grotesque, except on rare occasions in the comedy of Aristophanes. What resembles grotesqueness in the archaic stages of Greek sculpture—in the bas-reliefs from Selinus, for example—must be as-

cribed to *naïveté* and lack of technical skill. On the contrary, Lombard sculpture, as we study this on the façades of north-Italian churches, and mediæval Teutonic art in general, as we study this upon the pages of illustrated manuscripts, in the choir-stalls of our cathedrals, or in the carven ornaments of their exteriors, rarely fails to introduce some grotesque element. The free play of the northern fancy ran over easily into distortion, degradation of form, burlesque. Scandinavian poetry of the best period exhibits striking specimens of Aristophanic satire, in which the gods are mercilessly dealt with. Grotesqueness may be traced in all the fantastic beings of Celtic and Germanic folklore,—in gnomes inhabiting the mountains, in kelpies of the streams and mermaids of the ocean, in Puck and Robin Goodfellow, in fairies of heath and woodland, in the princesses of Border ballad literature fated by magic spells to dree their doom as loathly dragons.

Of such grotesqueness I doubt whether we can discern a trace in classical mythology and art. Ugly stories about Zeus and Cronos, quaint stories about the metamorphoses of Proteus, and the Phorcyadæ with their one eye, are not grotesque. They lack the touch of caricature, always a conscious or semi-conscious element, which is needful to create the species.

It is absent in the voluminous literature of the Arabs, as this is known to us through the "Arabian Nights." Princesses transformed into parrots, djinns with swarthy faces doting on fair damsels, water-carriers converted by some spell into caliphs, ghouls, animals that talk, immense birds brooding over treasures in the wilderness, are not grotesque. They lack the touch of conscious caricature added to free fancy which differentiates the species.

Both caricature and the fantastic played an important part in southern and eastern literature, but they did not come into the peculiar connection which is necessary to grotesqueness. The fantastic made itself moderately felt in Hellas, and assumed gigantic proportions in Islam. The Asiatic and Greek minds, however, lacked a quality which was demanded in order to elicit grotesqueness from phantasy. That quality the Teutonic section of the Aryan family possessed in abundance; it was all-persuasive in the products of their genius. We may define it broadly as humor. I do not deny humor to the Greeks and Orientals; but I contend that Teutons have the merit of applying humor to caricature and

the fantastic, so as to educe from both in combination what we call grotesqueness.

For obvious reasons I must omit all mention of what strikes us as grotesque in the art-work of races with whom we are imperfectly in sympathy. Hindoo idols, Chinese and Japanese bronzes, Aztec bas-reliefs, and such things seem to us grotesque. But it is almost impossible to decide how far this apparent grotesqueness is due to inadequate comprehension on our part, or to religious symbolism. We cannot eliminate the element of genuine intentional grotesqueness which things so far remote from us contain.

IV.

CLOSELY allied to caricature and the grotesque we find obscenity. This indeed has generally entered into both. The reason is not far to seek. Nothing exposes human beings to more contemptuous derision than the accentuation in their persons of that which self-respect induces them to hide. Indecency is therefore a powerful resource for satirical caricaturists. Nothing, again, in the horse-play of the fancy comes readier to hand than the burlesque exhibition of things usually concealed. It appeals to the gross natural man, upon whose sense of humor the creator of grotesque imagery wishes to work, and with whom he is in cordial sympathy.

Indecency has always been extruded from the temple of art, and relegated to slums and dubious places in its precincts. Why is this? Perhaps it would suffice to answer that art is a mirror of human life, and that those things which we exclude from social intercourse are consequently excluded from the æsthetic domain. This is an adequate account of the matter. But something will be gained for the understanding of art in general if we examine the problem with more attention.

Shelley lays it down as an axiom that all obscenity implies a crime against the spiritual nature of man. This dictum takes for granted an advanced state of society, when merely sensual functions have come to be regarded with sensitive modesty. In other words, it defines the essence of obscenity to be some cynical or voluptuous isolation of what is animal in man, for special contemplation by the mind. Savages recognize nothing indecent in things which we consider highly improper. Our ancestors spoke without a blush about matter which could not now be mentioned before a polite company. This is because savages and people of the Elizabethan age

were naïve, where we have become self-conscious. Thus Shelley's *crimen læsæ majestatis* varies with the age and the conditions of civility in which men live. Much that is treasonable here and now against the spiritual nature of humanity, was unassailable two hundred years ago, and is still respectable in the tropics. The point at issue is to decide what constitutes a violation of local and temporal decorum in this respect. Such violation is obscenity; and the conditions vary almost imperceptibly with the growth of society, but always in favor of decorum.

There are many things allowable, nay laudable, in act, which it is unpermissible to represent in figurative art or to dwell upon in poetry. Yet these things imply nothing ugly. On the contrary, they are compatible with the highest degree of natural beauty. Even Aretino's famous postures, if painted with the passion of Giorgione, could not be pronounced unbeautiful. Such motives abound in juxtapositions of forms and in contrasts of physical types, which yield everything the painter most desires for achieving his most ambitious triumphs. The delineation of these things, however, though they are allowable and laudable in act, though they are plastically beautiful, offends our taste and is intolerable. If we ask why this is so, the answer, I think, must be that civilization only accepts art under the condition of its making for the nobler tendencies of human nature. In truth, I have approached the present topic, in spite of its difficulty, mainly because it confirms the views I hold regarding the dependence of the arts on ethics.

There are acts necessary to the preservation of the species, functions important in the economy of man; but these, by a tacit consensus of opinion, we refuse to talk about, and these therefore we are unwilling to see reflected in art's spiritual looking-glass. We grudge their being brought into the sphere of intellectual things. We feel that the representation of them, implying as this does the working of the artist's mind and our mind on them, contradicts a self-preservative instinct which has been elaborately cultivated through unnumbered generations for the welfare of the social organism. Such representation brings before the sense in figure what is already powerful enough in fact. It stirs in us what education tends to curb, and exposes what humane culture teaches us to withdraw from observation.

This position admits of somewhat dif-

ferent statement. At a certain point art must make common cause with morality, and the plastically beautiful has to be limited by ethical laws. Man is so complex a being, and in the complex of his nature the morally trained sensibilities play so prominent a part, that art, which aims at giving only elevated enjoyment, cannot neglect ethics. Without being didactic it must be moralized, because the normal man is moralized. If it repudiates this obligation, it errs against its own ideal of harmony, rhythm, repose, synthetic beauty. It introduces an element which we seek to subordinate in life, and by which we are afraid of being mastered. It ceases to be adequate to humanity in its best moments, and these best moments art has undertaken to present in forms of sensuous but dignified loveliness.

Most people will agree upon this point. There remains, however, considerable difference of opinion as to the boundaries which art dares not over-pass — as to what deserves the opprobrious title of indecency in plastic or poetic presentation. Some folk seem inclined to ban the nude without exception, relegating the grandest handiwork of God, the human form divine, to the obscurity of shrouded vestments. Disinclined as I am to adopt this extreme position, I admit that just here the cleanness or uncleanness of the artist's mind, as felt in his touch on doubtful subjects, becomes a matter of ethical importance. All depends on taste, on method of treatment, on the tone communicated, on the mood in which matters of delicacy have been viewed. Tintoretto elevates our imagination by his pictures of Eve tempting Adam; Michael Angelo restrains and chastens wandering fancy; Raphael removes the same theme beyond the sphere of voluptuous suggestion, while retaining something of its sensuous allurements; Rembrandt produces a cynical satire in the style of Swift's description of Yahoos; Luca Giordano disgusts by coarse and full-blown carnalism.

V.

THESE considerations lead us finally to inquire in what sphere of human sensibility the arts legitimately move.

It is usual to distinguish between æsthetic and non-æsthetic senses — meaning by the former sight and hearing, by the latter touch, taste, smell. In truth, no great art has yet been based upon the three last-mentioned senses, in the same way as painting and sculpture have been based on sight and music upon hearing.

This is because the two so-called æsthetic senses are links between what is spiritual in us and external nature; we use them in the finer operations of our intelligence. The three non-æsthetic senses serve utility and natural needs; they have not been brought into that comity where thought and emotion can be sensuously presented to the mind. It is only by the faintest suggestions that a touch, a taste, a smell evokes some spiritual mood. When it does so the effect is indeed striking; we are thrilled in our very entrails and marrow. But these suggestions are, in our present condition, so vague, so elusive, so evanescent, so peculiar to the individual, that no attempt has been made to regard them as a substantial ground-work for the edifice of art.

In man we find an uninterrupted rhythm from the simplest to the most complex states of consciousness, passing from mere sensation up to elaborated thought. No break can be detected in this rhythm, although psychologists are wont to denote its salient moments by distinctive names. They speak of sensation, perception, emotion, will, reason, and so forth, as though these were separate faculties. But the infinite subtlety of nature eludes such rude attempts at classification. Art finds its proper sphere of operation only in the middle region of the scale. The physical rudiments of consciousness are not æsthetic, because they bring our carnal functions into play, and only indirectly agitate the complex of our nature. The more abstract modes of thought are not æsthetic, because they have renounced the element of corporeity and sense; and art has to fulfil its function through sensuous presentation. Art is therefore obliged to cast roots down into sense, and to flower up into thought, remaining within the province where these extremes of consciousness interpenetrate. This is what Hegel meant when he called beauty *die sinnliche Erscheinung der Idee* (the apparition, to sense and in sense, of the idea) — a definition which, in spite of its metaphysical form, is precisely suited to express the fact.

Poetry, if I may apply these conclusions to the most purely intellectual of the arts, makes an appeal to thought, emotion, sense, together, in one blended harmony. If thought predominates too crudely, as in some cantos of Dante's "Paradiso," in some books of Lucretius, in many passages of Milton's and of Wordsworth's verse, then the external form of metre and poetic diction does not save the product

from being prosaic. On the other hand, if a coarse appeal be made to sense through sound, as in a large portion of Marino's "Adone," we are cloyed by sweet vacuity. Or if, as in the case of Baffo's Venetian lyrics, the contents be deliberately prurient, awakening mere animal associations, then no form of sonnet, madrigal, or ode saves this poetry from being prosaic. It meets the same condemnation at the lower end of the scale as we passed on parts of Dante, Lucretius, Milton, Wordsworth, at the higher end. Purely intellectual and purely sensual poetry fail alike by contradicting the law of poetry's existence. They are not poetry, but something else.

Neither unmixed thought nor unmixed sense is the proper stuff of art. Still we must remember that art, occupying the middle region between these extremes, has to bring the manifold orchestra of consciousness into accord. Nowhere is there an abrupt chasm in man's sentient being. Touch, taste, smell, sex, must be made to vibrate like the dull strings of bass-voils, to thrill like woody tubes of hautboys, to pierce like shrill yet mellow accents of the clarionette, to stir the soul like the tumultuous voices of brass instruments. Sight and hearing, through their keener intellectual significance, dominate this harmony; even as treble and tenor chords of violin and viola control a symphony. The final object of the whole concert is to delight and stimulate the mind, not to exercise the brain by logical propositions nor to excite the appetite by indecent imagery. Precisely in this attunement of all the senses to the service of impassioned thought lies the secret of the noblest art.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

From Time.

TO ALNCASTER.

A WAYSIDE TRAGEDY.

THE time was early on a bright morning late in May; the place a rectangular bend of a lonely country lane, where, in the angle, on the right hand as you look south towards Alncaſter, ſtood an old thatched cottage, a rambling, one-ftoried building, covering a conſiderable ſpace of ground, with creeper-clad walls, ſurrounded by a trim flower and vegetable garden. On one ſide the garden was prolonged into a narrow ſtrip of ſward, ſeparated from the lane by a graſſy bank ſtarr'd with primroſes, and from a field of gloſſy young wheat by a tall hedgerow

and a grove of ſlender trees. Acroſs the road the country, chiefly green paſtorage, ſloped ſoftly away to the ſouth-weſt, where, dim in the diſtance, brooded a grey haze which held the town of Alncaſter, whiſt further on the horizon glinted a ſilver rim, ſhowing where the ſea was "breathing in his ſleep, heard by the land." Even up here a tinge of ocean freſhneſs underlay the ſcent of the newly opened hawthorn and lilac bloſſoms, which hung on the ſtillreſs air, thrilled by the "bliſful bird's" ſong. The ſun was ſtill low enough—a neighboring church clock had juſt ſtruck ſeven—to ſhine with thoſe dazzling effects of gleam upon gloom which are only poſſible when his rays fall obliquely. They flaſhed bewildering amid the long trunk ſhadows, poliſhing the very ſtraws on the road, turning the dewdrops on the twinkling leaves into irideſcent globules, out of which the floating goſſamer threads ſeemed to have been ſpun; giving a ruſſet richneſs to the brown velvet moſs of the thatch, and kiſſing golden lights in John Stelwyn's red beard, as he leaned on the field gate taking a firſt look at his old home after ten years' abſence in the far Weſt. He was rather a thick-ſet man of about thirty-five, with a blunt-featured, honeſt, good-natured face, and the general appearance of a well-to-do gardener in his beſt clothes. In his hand he carried a ſmall ſhiny bag containing ſundry little preſents for his brother and ſiſter-in-law and their children, which his impatience for the pleaſure of beſtowing had not permitted him to leave with the reſt of his luggage at Maſſing, ſix miles away. As he gazed towards the cottage with a curious expreſſion of doubtful joy, his thoughts ran ſomewhat thus: "Well, every thing looks right enough outside the old place any way, and, as far as I know, they're right enough inside too. Mary ſaid they were all finely." Here he took out of his pocket an envelope, very grimy at the folds with long portage, and read the poſt-mark: "Alncaſter, April 9th." "Not much better than ſix weeks back; what ſhould ha' happened them ſince then? I wonder if Mary's as pretty as ſhe was laſt time I ſe'd her; Dick ſaid ſhe was laſt time he wrote, but I expect it's hardly likely. Bleſs me, to think that they've been married ten years this day, and I haven't ſet eyes on 'em ſince! Why, the oldeſt of the childer muſt be getting quite ſizable. The only thing that ſeems to be going contrary at all," he went on as he replaced the letter in his pocket, "is that brother Mark of hers; I'm afeared

he's noways steady. But, sure, the lad's only young yet, and now I'll maybe be able to gi' him a lift." His face cleared at this reflection, and he took his arms off the gate. "Seems to me," he said, "that considering I've nought but good news to hear and tell, I might as well be stepping in as loafing around outside, arter getting up at all hours sooner than wait for the carrier. And, my goodness! Look at the childer yonder — them must be Dick's."

A group of children were sitting on the bank at a little distance, against a gorgeous background of golden laburnum. There were six of them, the youngest not much more than one year old, the eldest a girl of eight or nine, who apparently was not on good terms with the rest of the party, for she crouched with her back to them, leaning an elbow on the bank, and pressing a hand on each side of her head. The others, four boys and a girl, were deeply absorbed in erecting some amorphous structure composed of broken flower-pots, twigs, and pebbles, their labors being diversified by interludes of that primitive scuffling and squabbling, which, at a further stage of evolution, differentiates into war offices and standing armies. They were all pretty-looking, fair-haired little things, and were set off by a gayness of bright-colored frocks and ribbons, and snowy pinafores, which caught even John Stelwyn's uncritical eye. "Mary was always one for having things nice about her," he said to himself, "but I'd never ha' thought she could ha' kept 'em so spick and span on a week-day. Why, they might be young lords, look at 'em."

He was not accustomed to youthful society, and he stood watching them silently for a minute or two before he thought of an appropriate opening speech. Then he said, "Well, young ones, you're having a fine game."

The builders immediately suspended operations, and concentrated all their energies upon wide-eyed stares at the stranger, the six-year-old eldest boy alone retaining sufficient presence of mind to answer, "Ay."

"And I expect you live yonder?" John Stelwyn said, pointing to the cottage; whereupon the stares took a somewhat contemptuous expression, and Bob once more assented briefly.

"I thought so," said John, smiling down pleasantly on the row of upturned faces. "And where are father and mother? Are they within?"

At this question the children suddenly became much more communicative.

"Mother's dead and father's in hell," said Jack, the second biggest boy, cheerfully.

"Granny said he was," added Bob.

"She didn't," contradicted his twin sister, "she said he would be when the clock struck eight, and it's only just struck seven — so there."

"Naughty father killed mother," pursued Jack meditatively, "so he's going to be hunged to-day away in town. And granny says he'll not come back again. S'pose people never do come back when they've been hunged." He seemed to fall into a reverie over this point, while three-year-old Tom began to chant to himself, "Naughty farder killed mudder — naughty mudder's to be hunged," accompanying this pleasing ditty by beating time on the ground with a large tin spoon.

"That's why granny made us these bowses," said the little girl confidentially, pointing to the big knots of bright blue ribbon, mixed with black crape, which adorned the front of her own pinafore and those of her brethren, "The pooty ribbing's for poor mother, and the nasty black stuff's for father."

"No, it ain't, Miss Cleverboots," interrupted Bob, in whose mind her former correction was evidently rankling, "the ribbing's for father, 'cause it's a good job, and the black thing's for mother, 'cause —"

"I declare to God," said John, who had hitherto been listening dumbfounded, "I dunno what sort of talk you have at all. Little lass, little lass," he continued, raising his voice and calling to the eldest child, who had not stirred from her crouching posture, "what is it these young ones are talking about?"

"Oh, there's no good speaking to Allie," said Bob with scorn, "she's stopping her ears not to hear the clock strike, I know, great silly." Then, grasping her arm, he tried to pull down her hand, shouting, "Allie, Allie, listen, will yer? There's a man speaking to you, and the clock won't strike this ever so long, you gaby!"

The little girl flashed round upon him a face white with a most unchildlike wrath and anguish. "Let me alone," she cried, shaking him off fiercely, "you're a wicked, cruel boy; you don't care; you're all glad; and father, who used to carry you on his shoulder and bring you home cakes from town, — he'll never come home again. They're killing him this minute, maybe, and you don't care. I hate you; I hate you! Don't touch me."

Bob shrank back rather appalled, as

people will be at genuine passion, and little Tom began to whimper, whilst the baby, for some unknown reason choosing to espouse his sister's cause, said, "A—a—a—ah, nasty Bob," in menacing tones, and tried to thump him with a small stick, but only succeeded in rapping Jack's intervening legs.

"I'll tell you what it is," said John, whose ruddy face looked bleached and drawn, as if a withering blast had gone by; "you're very bad, ugly-spoken childer, and I'm glad, that I am, that you're no belongings of mine. I dunno what my brother Dick 'ud say to your sitting about his place." So saying, he turned to go towards the cottage; but catching his breath with a groan, he stood still and muttered, "God help me; the little chap's the image of his father."

At this moment the door of the cottage opened, and there came out a short, dark, alert-looking young man of professional aspect, followed by a tall, gaunt old woman with thick iron-grey hair and piercing brown eyes. Her white cap was resplendent with pink ribbons, and so was her black silk gown. As the young man stepped out of the porch he caught sight of the group on the bank, and said in a tone of disgust, "I must say, Mrs. Hovenden, that under the circumstances it would be more decent to keep those poor children indoors this morning than let them play on the roadside; bedizened in that fashion too."

"And what for shouldn't they have their play this morning as well as another, Dr. Ashe?" said the harsh-voiced old woman, whose wrinkled face was twitching with some form of excitement. "It's a good day for them, deny it who will, and I'd have them to know it is. They'd honey to their bread at breakfast this morning, every one o' them, 'cept that crabbed little toad Allie, who wouldn't touch a mouthful; and not a scrap of dinner she'll get this day for that same, I can tell her."

"You'd better mind what you're about," the young doctor said severely; "I'll take very good care, I assure you, that the child isn't ill-treated. We could easily have her put in charge of one of her uncles."

Before she could reply John Stelwyn came striding up, and the old woman greeted him with a hoarse shriek. "And is it you, John Stelwyn, setting foot within this gate? A fine day you've chosen to be showing your face here. Is there no shame in you?"

"Now, if that ain't a queer kind o' welcome for a man come home arter ten years!" said John with a forced laugh. "Where might my brother and your daughter be, Mrs. Hovenden? May happen they'll find something pleasanter to say."

"Oh, Lord! hark to him!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes, while the doctor said, in a tone of dismayed surprise,—

"Richard Stelwyn's brother? What? Is it possible that you haven't heard?"

"I've heard naught," said John, "barring, it might be, a pack o' crazy childer talking foolish over yonder. I landed in Liverpool only yesterday, and ha' been travelling most ever since. What *should* I hear?" he said defiantly, but beginning to tremble very much. "What I ask you is, Where are Dick and Mary?"

"And that's easily answered at any rate," shrilled the old woman, interposing with a swift thrust forward of head and throat between John and the doctor who was about to speak. "My daughter Mary's in her grave, murdered; and your brother Dick'll be a dead man, please God, in another half-hour for the murdering of her. If you want to see *him* you'd better be off to Alncaſter jail, and make haste about it too. You may happen to be in time for t' inquest."

John Stelwyn staggered and clutched hold of the porch's trellis-work, as if his world had given that dizzying, semi-circular swing which dulls the edge of sense for a moment; and the doctor said angrily, "Hold your tongue, you wicked old woman." Plain speaking was evidently in the air that morning.

"Oh, ay, wicked, wicked! that's the word with all of you," she said resentfully. "There's parson comes prating about 'a more Christianable sperit;' and even Mrs. Carson herself, and we've been neighbors these twelve years, stood me out yesterday that I oughtn't to be so glad o' the hanging, but I soon showed her the door. Wicked, says you? And if I was mad wi' wickedness, who'd blame me? It's little notion you have what you're talking about, sir, or you'd know very well that in my place you'd be as glad as I am to think o' the life being choked out of him over yonder." She pointed with a shaking hand to where beyond the breadths of green land and golden air the dim town lay, and went on more vehemently: "Wouldn't it be enough to drive any woman-demented to think of my two pretty children—and the two that I set most store by of them all—to think what's

come o' them? There's Mary, that every person allowed to be the prettiest girl i' the parish, gentle or simple—it 'd take you the best part o' half an hour to plait the length o' her hair—nought 'ud suit her, and she a minister's granddaughter on the father's side, but to marry a common low fellow as worked i' the fields like any laboring man,—a cowardly villain that killed her for the sake o' her poor uncle's bit o' money. You saw her yourself in her coffin, doctor, and I wonder to hear you speaking up for the brute that murdered her. And Mark, my handsome lad, that's the youngest I have, and that I looked to keeping a little house for me one o' these days—there's he the very day his poor sister was murdered, driven out of his place where he was earning his bread, and is away off I dunno where, unless he's gone to his friend Dunbar up beyant Caldwick; I've niver heard tale nor tidings of him since. But I've posted the newspapers to him there, doctor, on chance, so I have, wi' t' accounts o' the trial and sentence and all, that he may see the sort o' man Richard Stelwyn war, who he thought such a sight of. For Mark's allers had the greatest opinion o' that murdering villain, and ud stand up for Mary's marrying ever since he was on'y a slip of a boy; just for the sake of thwarting me, I do believe. Maybe he ain't so pleased wi' the thought o' t' now; maybe that's why he's ashamed to be showing his face here, though it seems there's others that'll brazen it out."

She ceased, breathless, and leaned against the doorpost, only capable of darting furious glances and an occasional muttered ejaculation at the two men.

"We've a chance now o' hearing our ears awhile," said John Stelwyn, turning with what he meant for a smile to Dr. Ashe, and continuing to look very hard at him, whilst the doctor for sheer pity remained cruelly silent.

"It seems like as if the woman and childer had gone clean off their heads this morning," John went on after a pause, "but she always was a camsteery old body; I've seen her as bad before about nothing at all—oh, ay, many's the time."

"I wish to Heaven I could tell you it is about nothing"—the doctor was beginning, but the other interrupted him, laying a heavy hand on his arm.

"You know the thing's not possible," John said. "Why, man, he thought her equal wasn't in this world. And I heard from her—from my sister-in-law only a couple o' days afore I started to come

home, and she said they couldn't be better. And from Dick I did be hearing continual. We have it all settled. We'll put the bit of money I've made in the States into land—Shortt's fields up Massing ways are to be had, Dick says, and a capital house and offices, and we're thinking o' moving up there at Michaelmas, and he and I'll try what we can do wi' the farm. Why, look here, sir," he said, beginning to fumble with clumsy fingers at the straps of his bag, "here's even the trifles o' presents I've brought 'em. This queer-looking pipe's for Dick—he always had notions about his pipes—and here's some toy-things and chains and trinkum-trankums for the childer, and this little clock for Mary—it strikes the half-hours beautiful."

The doctor did look at these pitifully illogical arguments, and felt that a point-blank statement was to be avoided.

"When your sister-in-law wrote," he said, "did she mention a small legacy which she had been left a short time ago?"

"She did," said John, "from her old Uncle Madden; a matter of fifty pound. That was another piece o' good-luck for them."

"It was not," said Dr. Ashe significantly. "It would be truer to say that it brought ruin and destruction upon them."

John feigned to be busied with the fastening of his bag, but the doctor saw that he was listening intently, and continued: "It was early last April when they heard of this legacy, and on the 8th of the month your brother and his wife went to Alncaſter on some business connected with it. They stayed for the night at the house of a friend of hers at a little place called Hilstead, about two miles from the town."

"'Twas from there she wrote," said John.

"In the course of the next morning some kind of altercation was overheard passing between them, apparently upon money matters. Mrs. Stelwyn seemed to be urging some arrangement about the legacy to which Stelwyn would not agree, and they say that he quite lost his temper, and was heard storming and stamping about the room."

"This might be—it *might* be," said John, looking up haggardly, "though I never knowed him to be like that. I don't say but Dick was a trifle hasty now and again, and might speak sharp like."

"That afternoon," the doctor continued, "they started together for Alncaſter, apparently on the best of terms. Mrs. Stel-

wyn had a hand-bag with her, which is known to have contained money, for her friend Mrs. King saw her putting a purse into it, and Mrs. Stelwyn remarked that she must be careful, as she was taking a good many sovereigns with her. Mrs. King expected the Stelwyns to return that night, but neither of them came; and on the next day Mary Stelwyn was found lying dead by a little stream in the field about a mile from Alncaſter, to which it is a ſhort cut from Hilſtead, with her ſkull fractured and one wiſt broken. Her bag lay open and empty beſide her, and in her hand ſhe was grasping a red woollen ſcarf, like one her huſband had worn when he left Mrs. King's houſe."

"*Like it?*" grated a harſh voice over his ſhoulder, "it was the very one. Hadn't I ſeen my poor girl knitting of it when I was ſtopping with her at Chriſtmas? 'Twas a ſtitch I'd learned her myſelf; and I ſwore to it at the trial, and it helped to hang him—thank the Lord!" Mrs. Hovendon had regained her breath.

"Come this way," the doctor ſaid haſtily, taking John Stelwyn by the arm, and they walked ſlowly down the path towards the gate, between the gay pebble-edged flower-borders.

"That ſame evening," Dr. Aſhe reſumed, "Stelwyn was arreſted in Liverpool, at a ſteam-packet office, where he ſtated that he had gone to make enquiries about the ſailing of boats from New York. In his poſſeſſion was found the purſe which his wife had had in her bag; it contained twenty ſovereigns. His woollen ſcarf was gone —"

"But Dick—what did he ſay to the fools?" interrupted John impatiently.

"When he was told what had happened, and charged with his wife's murder," ſaid the doctor—John ſtarted and winced—"he ſeemed, they ſay, quite dazed and bewildered at firſt; and in my opinion he never thoroughly got over the ſhock, poor fellow, nor has been quite himſelf ſince. He utterly denied all knowledge of the matter. He ſaid that he had left his wife ſafe and well on the previous afternoon in the field where her body was found, and had hurried on to catch a train for Liverpool; he believed that he had accidentally left his ſcarf in a railway carriage. He admitted having had a difference of opinion with his wife that morning reſpecting a part of her legacy, which ſhe wiſhed to hand over at once to her brother, Mark Hovenden, who had a clerkſhip in Alncaſter and was, ſhe thought, in difficulties; whereas your brother conſidered that it

would be better to wait a while and ſee how the money might be moſt advantageouſly laid out on the lad's behalf, than to give it to him directly, as he was inclined to be extravagant and unſteady. Stelwyn ſaid that his wife in the end quite came round to his view, and that when they ſtarted for Alncaſter, ſhe had twenty-five ſovereigns in her bag, which ſum ſhe intended to lodge in the ſavings-bank until they had decided what ſhould be done with it. His own viſit to Liverpool, which he had only reſolved upon in the courſe of their walk was, he ſaid, chiefly for the purpoſe of ſeeing about a ſituation which he thought might ſuit young Hovenden; but he had not then made any enquiries. He accounted for his poſſeſſion of the purſe of ſovereigns by ſaying that his wife had given it to him juſt before he left her. It was money which ſhe had made during the laſt few years by the ſale of eggs and butter, and had been keeping as a ſurpriſe for him. Unhappily nobody elſe knew that ſhe had ſuch a ſum, and —"

"But it's true—it's God's truth," John ſhouted; "ſee there," and he thruſt his letter into Dr. Aſhe's hand. "Look where ſhe's told me all about it, and how ſhe kept it ſecret from every one—the letter's written that very day, and ſhe ſays it may come in handy a while later, when the boys 'll be wanting more ſchooling."

"I ſee—I ſee—I wiſh to Heaven that we'd got hold of this ſooner," ſaid the doctor, turning pale as he read the lines to which the other pointed, "it would have been of the utmoſt importance then; but now —"

"Can't you do *anything?*" ſaid John, looking round him wildly. "Here, then, ſir, give it back to me. I'll run —"

"What *can* we do, my good fellow?" ſaid the doctor almoſt ſavagely. "Alncaſter's full nine miles from here; there isn't even a telegraph office nearer than Eyworth four miles off, and — and it only wants a quarter of eight. We did the beſt we could for him, Stelwyn," he added deprecatingly; "we were all ready enough. I've known him five years, and I believe a better fellow never ſtepped. We memorialized the home ſecretary—all the neighborhood ſigned the petition—and I think we'd have got him off, for the evidence was merely circumſtantial; I wouldn't have hung a dog on it. But they'd reſpited the laſt man condemned, and there have been more caſes of wife-murder than uſual, and one very bad one, within the laſt fortnight, and that ruined

our chance. We can do nothing now; it's too late."

"And — and — what *she* said is true?" said John in a hoarse whisper. "They'll be hanging Dick just now?"

The doctor made a silent gesture of assent and turned away, as the other man, leaning on the gate, hid his face in his folded arms, crushing it down as if to shut out all sights and sounds, and seeming to shrink together like a creature in some monster's resistless grip. Dr. Ashe, on the contrary, looked about him with keen, restless glances, and a very wrathful spirit. All that he saw and heard jarred upon him. The sky seemed to be growing brighter and brighter, and a brisk little breeze had sprung up to make the dewy leaves dance. Blackbirds and thrushes were trilling and fluting, "smaller finches sang fine through the midst of their hushes," and the lark's song came down to them like the spray of a high-vaulting fountain. The children were running about, laughing and calling to each other, all except the one small figure still cowering motionless on the bank. The doctor's lips took a bitter curve, and the words of an articulate bird-song rang mockingly in his brain, "The year at the spring, the day at the morn, God in his heaven, all right with the world" — and an innocent man being lawfully strangled over yonder, — a mere matter of detail.

Here his musings broke off, as three people came round the corner of the road, going Alncaſterwards. These were two police-constables, large, stolid, flaxen-bearded men, between whom walked a youth of one or two and twenty. When he came opposite the open gate, he stepped up to it, and stood still, a proceeding to which his guardians made no objection, one of them stooping down and carefully flicking the dust off his boots with a blue cotton handkerchief, whilst the other walked rather unsteadily to the railing and propped himself up against it as if acquiescing in a long halt. The appearance of the new-comer was strange and striking. His colorless, transparent-looking face had a spectral beauty, despite its extreme emaciation, rendered more marked by the close cropping of the black hair, and his great dark eyes burned steadily with a fire which is seldom seen save in very transient flashes. Doctor Ashe stared at him perplexedly for a moment or two and then said, doubtfully, "Mark — Mark Hovenden!"

"Yes, Mark Hovenden," said the youth; and at the new voice John Stelwyn started and looked up.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the doctor, glancing from the constables to their prisoner.

"Oh, those brutes are half-fuddled," said Mark Hovenden, indifferently; "they *would* stop for drink at the last public. But luckily there's no particular hurry now. They're taking me to Eyworth where they can get a trap on to Alncaſter."

While they spoke, Mrs. Hovenden was speeding with eld-rusted haste down the garden path; but younger feet outstripped hers, and at this moment two small hands clasped Mark's arm, and a miserable child face looked up into his with wild eyes not unlike his own. It was the rebel Allie. "Haven't you come to save him, Uncle Mark?" she said. "Oh, take me along with you; I can help. We two could save him, I know. I did set off to Alncaſter one day long ago, but they brought me back. But oh, Uncle Mark, we must make haste, for it's getting *so* late."

"What devil told the child?" muttered the young man, frowning angrily. Then, looking down at her, "I think your father's quite safe now, Allie," he said. "We've sent a message to Alncaſter that'll keep their hands off him. You'll have him back again here all right before many days."

He spoke very gently, and allowed the child to cling to him and lean against him, but as the old woman came hurrying up to him, he stopped her, in all her impetuosity, with a single look and gesture.

"Stay where you are, mother," he said. "You're near enough to hear what I've got to tell you, and that's all that'll ever pass between you and me again with my good will, and may be with yours too, when you have heard. Listen to what I say. I killed Mary, and you, mother, you — thank God or the devil — have killed me!"

The old woman stood speechless in the sunshine, as if turned into stone; and the doctor said, "Hovenden, are you mad?"

"Not quite, sir," Mark answered, looking at the doctor with a half-smile, and his eyes, bright and wild though they were, had not the hard glitter of insanity; "not too mad, at any rate, to tell my story plainly enough, so far as I remember it, for part of it seems blotted out somehow. But there's plenty of it quite clear. This was the way of it. I'd got betting a good bit last winter among some fellows in Alncaſter; and the end of *that* was that a few days before Mary wrote to me about Uncle Madden's legacy, I helped myself

to—well, in fact, I *stole*—about fifteen pounds from Warden and Cartwright. I made sure I'd have luck that week at the spring meeting, and be able to put it back; but I hadn't. Then I wrote to Mary, and didn't tell her anything in particular; just hinted that I was hard up. And she wrote me back word about the legacy, and as good as promised me some of it. So I was looking out every post for a letter with notes or a money order, and I got none. Well, it was the very day before the whole thing must come out, and I believe I was half cracked. I knew she and Dick were staying at the Kings' at Hilstead, and in the afternoon I thought I'd go and see her, and tell her everything, and get the money. She, or Dick either, for that matter, would have given it to me as soon as look at me, if they'd known all. So I set off across the fields, and about half way I met Mary. It was an infernal-looking, long, narrow field with a stream at one end of it, and it was just at the stream I met her. I saw a bag in her hand, and the first thing I said to her was to ask her if she had the money in it. And she said she had, but that she'd promised Dick not to give me any yet. Then—I tell you, doctor, I think I was half mad, and all this part seems queer and muddled up—then I made a snatch at the bag, and she pulled it away from me and called out, and I caught hold of her arm, and she tripped over something and fell. Her head came against a stone—it all happened in a minute—and I saw she was dead. Her bag had burst open, and a purse rolled out, and I picked it up and rushed away—I didn't know where—but I found myself at the office again; and I put back the money. I remember thinking they'd surely know I'd done it, because when Mary was falling she'd caught hold of the end of my scarf—a red knitted one she'd made for me herself—and it had come off in her hand, and I'd left it there. So next morning, when Mr. Warden sent for me, I made certain it was about that; but he only rowed me for being so unpunctual and irregular, and said I must leave. And I got into the next northern train, and went to Christie Dunbar's—you know where he lives, at Strade up among the hills beyond Caldwell, as out-of-the-way a place as you'll find. I just remember walking in at his door, and seeming to fall down—down into a great black hollow. They say I had brain fever, and it was touch-and-go with me for near a month. I'm scarce a week out of my bed. And it was only

yesterday morning, though I can tell you it seems liker ten years, that when I was poking about in the room I came upon all those newspapers mother had sent me, thrown together in a heap, and not even opened, for they aren't a reading lot up at Dunbars'. But I read them fast enough. I read all the accounts of the trial, and your evidence, mother, against Dick—and I cursed you for it—but now you'll see that it was me you were hanging all the time and not him."

"By the Lord, Hovenden," said John Stelwyn, taking a step forward with his fist clenched and his blue eyes blazing, "if you've let him——"

"Hush," said the doctor pulling him back, "hear him out."

"I didn't dare give myself up to the police at Caldwell," Mark went on, "for I know the folks there'd say I was only off my head again. So I got away to Lancefield before dark, and gave myself up there. And it seems to me that for the last year we've been tramping about and waiting, and tramping about again, to find some magistrate who wasn't out dining, or up in London, or in bed and not to be disturbed if every man in the county hung for it. But at last about sun-rising this morning we found one—and a slow old fool he was—how's'ever he did what was wanted. And he's sent on a man on horse-back to Eyworth, with a telegram that'll keep Dick safe. He'll be in time, no fear. He started more than an hour before we did, and they say he'd a capital horse."

"Capital she is," said one of the constables, whose faculties appeared to be coming to the surface, "Double-quick'll take him to Eyworth in forty minutes easy by the shortest way. I expect he's near home again by now, and they'll ha' got Sir George's message at Alncaster better nor an hour ago. It's time we were moving on, my lad."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the tread of a horse's feet began to be heard on the lane coming from the direction of Alncaster, and everybody, except the birds, kept quiet to listen. The feet were pacing very slowly, and it seemed a long time before there emerged from behind the screen of drooping laburnum trails and bunched lilac plumes a horse led by a man of stable-helper-like aspect, who was limping along painfully, and who had a folded paper in his hand. His clothes were smeared with red earth, his coat was torn and split across the shoulders, and he had a dazed and aggrieved expression of countenance. The

horse, a handsome bright bay, was in even worse plight, hobbling and wincing woefully at every step, with dilated nostrils and scared protesting eyes.

"Hallo, is it you, Saunders?" said the constable, who was standing and staring blankly in the middle of the road.

"It baint no faut o' moine," said the man in a grumbling tone as he limped along, "nor yet o' the mare. When we turned off o' the road to cut across t' end o' Not-by common, the fust thing the poor crittur did war to put her foot in a danged rabbit-hole, and down she comes. And she's strained her off fetlock so as I question if she'll iver git the better o' t', and scatted hersen orful. And to the back o' that I've wrenched my ancle right round, forby near putting my shoulder out. Here's this—the measter must git some one else to taäke his'n message."

"Eh, man," said the constable taking the paper, and slowly finding words for the question, while a group of faces, blanched and horror-stricken, came pressing round, "Eh, man, then the telegram hasn't gone, and you haven't been to Eyworth arter all?"

"And how the divil should I git there?" said the man sullenly. "We haven't been within a couple o' moiles o't. Look at the pair o' us. Whoy, we've been near hauf an hour, I reckon, coming from Not-by this far, and that's scarce hauf a mile—and not a soul i' the lanes, and not a stable better nor a peg-stoye nearer nor Thornley's. Yo'll be taäking the tellin-grum yerselves, I'm thinking."

Then followed a dead silence, broken a moment later by a sound at which some of those who heard it caught their breath with a shiver, as if its vibrations stabbed.

It was the church-clock striking eight.

OWEN BALAIR.

From The Nineteenth Century.
CENTURY FOR CENTURY.

STARTED in 1830 by M. Buloz, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has maintained an undisputed supremacy in French periodical literature. The *Revue* has always extended its hospitality to unknown authors with a generosity tempered by discrimination. Alfred de Musset's masterpiece in comedy, "The Caprice," was not admitted to the Théâtre Français until ten years after its publication, though all his poems had found a place in the *Revue*. But whilst rising luminaries gain admission to

the sanctuary of M. Buloz, as the antechamber to the Academy, the great writers of the day deem it an honor to be among his contributors. Thus in every number are found such names as those of M. Taine, the Duc de Broglie, M. Maxime Ducamp, the Comte de Paris, M. Octave Feuillet, M. Renan, M. Françoise Coppée, and M. Cherbuliez. Naturally, the articles of the *Revue* deal principally with French topics. Our own magazines, which largely exceed in number those of France, rarely devote their space to subjects of a foreign nature. It is therefore a source of satisfaction when the well-known salmon-colored cover of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains the title of an article on English history, politics, or letters. In recent years Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Hogarth, Carlyle, Darwin, and the fiction of George Eliot and Ouida, to quote at haphazard, have been treated of in its pages. A writer of repute, M. Augustin Filon, sometime tutor to the prince imperial, has made English worthies the subject of various papers. Having devoted his attention to Lord Tennyson and Hogarth in articles deserving of commendation, he has more recently criticised the works of our two leading contemporary historians. Valued as are the achievements of Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, and great as is their importance in our eyes, it is still an agreeable surprise that a writer who has so ample a mass of material for his investigations nearer home should occupy himself with the analysis of these comprehensive narratives of the progress of England and her institutions. I purpose dealing only with M. Filon's essay on Mr. Lecky which appeared in the *Revue* for the 1st of March of this year, and it is to be regretted that when we turn from its matter to its manner M. Filon should fail to display that impartiality which characterized his former articles. We should not accuse M. Filon of writing for those readers who believe in the stage Englishman with red whiskers and suit of glaring check, nor of sympathizing with those politicians who profess to believe that England's chief characteristic is her perfidy. In estimating Mr. Lecky's position as an historian, M. Filon shows a scholarly appreciation of his merits. But he indulges in reflections on the eighteenth century of England which ignore facts of historical and intellectual importance, and engender a suspicion that he is not wholly above appealing to Gallic prejudices. Having paid a tribute to Mr. Lecky's work, M. Filon observes:—

The causes are easily explained which always lead us Frenchmen back to the analytical and impassioned study of our eighteenth century. Our eighteenth century interests us like a well-conceived drama; it is a piece according to the taste of our time, a high comedy which develops into a tragedy. For many persons, too—and I confess to being one of them—this magic century has another great charm. It is, in the history of our social life, a delightful hour which will not be repeated; it is the culminating point of our language and of our race, the time when France was most French. Above all, it has the supreme merit of having prepared the present century. . . . But where in the English eighteenth century are we to look for its unity, its importance, its attraction? Where are we to find the salient feature which marks the century?

Were I a Frenchman, it would seem to me that the seventeenth century would appeal more to my national pride than the eighteenth. France is apt to style the seventeenth century the *siècle* of Louis the Fourteenth, but we must remember that Louis the Fourteenth only ascended the throne in 1643, and he was then but five years old. The earlier part of the seventeenth century is dominated by the figure of Richelieu, the founder, for good or evil, of autocratic sovereignty in France; the destroyer of the feudal system and power of the nobility; the originator of the French Academy of Letters; the minister who brought Canada and the West Indies under the sceptre of France. The one administration of Cardinal Richelieu did as much to enhance the power of France as those of the three cardinal ministers of the eighteenth century, Dubois, Fleury, and Bernis, combined to lower it. Paris may owe to Louis the Fifteenth the Ecole Militaire, the Panthéon, and the Place de la Concorde; but the French eighteenth century did not produce a Colbert, who gave a fresh impetus to trade and manufactures; furrowed the face of the country with highroads and canals; established the academies of science, architecture, and inscriptions; paved and lighted Paris; re-established order and averted bankruptcy and famine, and who certainly was not equalled by such ministers as Maurepas, St. Florentin, Maupeou, D'Aiguillon, and even Choiseul, the men who guided the fortunes, or rather invited the misfortunes, of France during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth.

Can the marshals of Louis the Fifteenth compare their laurels with those of the marshals of Louis the Fourteenth? The most successful of the French military commanders of the eighteenth century was

Marshal Saxe, who won the battle of Fontenoy from the English, and that of Raucoux from the Imperialists. But Marshal Saxe was a German, and among the regiments he led at Fontenoy was a strong Irish contingent. Are the ephemeral successes of Marshal Richelieu, his conquest of Port Mahon, or his Hanoverian campaign, to be classed with the victories of Turenne and Villars? Is the Prince de Condé of Louis the Fifteenth, the future leader of the emigration, as illustrious as his ancestor the great Condé, the hero of Rocroy and Nordlingen? Finally, will the personal bravery of the Prince de Soubise redeem the rout of his army by Frederick the Great at Rossbach? It is not my intention to be the apologist of Louis the Fourteenth. His egotism; his successful policy of centralizing the power of the State in his own person; his destruction of the independent existence of the nobility, producing absenteeism and transforming high-spirited chieftains into abject courtiers; his bigotry, resulting in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; his recognition of James the Second after the Revolution of 1688 which led to Malplaquet, Oudenarde, and Blenheim; his reckless expenditure, instanced by his outlay on the Château of Versailles, which Mirabeau estimated at fifteen million pounds, but which has since been shown by the accounts of the architect, Mansart, to have reached the handsome figure of six millions; his entire disregard of all conjugal propriety in establishing his favorites under the same roof as the queen and legitimizing their children,—in all these respects he was equalled, if not surpassed, by his successor. In fine Louis the Fourteenth initiated a royal road to bankruptcy, corruption, immorality, and national decay, which had its issue in the reaction of 1789, and renders him in the seventeenth century as responsible as the eighteenth for the downfall of the monarchy. But the seventeenth century of France has a grandeur which the eighteenth lacks—which is exemplified in the minutest details. Louis the Fifteenth is credited with the epigram, "After me the deluge." When, after the battle of Ramillies, Marshal Villeroy appeared crestfallen at Versailles, Louis the Fourteenth received him with the words: "At our age, marshal, fortune no longer smiles on us." The seventeenth century had its many dark and gloomy pages, but was a century of boundless activity. It saw the conquering arms of France cross the Pyrenees and the Rhine. In literature it was the period in

which the French language was moulded into the shape which the eighteenth century turned to such excellent account. Louis the Fourteenth extended his enlightened protection to Molière, who was hated by the clergy and the nobility because of his satires. If the king did not ask the poet-actor to his table, as tradition would make us believe, he invited him to eat from his *en tout cas*, the tray which was always at hand containing delicacies for the royal palate. When Voltaire was presented to Louis the Fifteenth, the king turned his back upon the greatest writer of the day. Louis the Fourteenth was distinguished by ceaseless energy; Louis the Fifteenth, the incarnation of boredom, was the thorough representative of a time when *ennui* was the affliction of society and wit was prized above the qualities of the heart—as typified in D'Argenson's sorrowful exclamation, "My son's heart is stupid."

M. Filon speaks of the want of unity in the English eighteenth century, and, in order to prove that it lacks importance, attraction, and salient features, he says: "The victories of Marlborough? But their consequences were partly annulled by the battle of Denain." Is he correct in stating this? Undeniably the battle of Denain, in which Marlborough took no part, saved France from annihilation. But the concessions France gained in the Treaty of Utrecht were the outcome not of the victory of Denain, but of the state of party feeling in England. Bolingbroke, who was responsible for the treaty, has been condemned for criminal ambition in consenting to a peace at any price in order to retain the emoluments of office. M. Filon says: "The foundation of the Indian Empire? A mere accident, the personal work of two men of genius, Clive and Warren Hastings." M. Filon disposes himself of his argument. Without men of genius no empire can be founded, and the simple fact that Clive and Warren Hastings were Englishmen of the eighteenth century is sufficient to illustrate the genius of the English eighteenth century. Furthermore, may not the question be asked why two Frenchmen of genius, Lally Tollendal and Dupleix, failed where Clive and Hastings succeeded? Because they were not supported by the national sentiment and resources. How is it that the former was condemned to an ignominious and unmerited death, and the latter allowed to perish in a garret? Because an ungrateful sovereign and a careless people al-

lowed them to be sacrificed to the jealousy of their enemies. "The extension of the American colonies?" goes on M. Filon. "But almost immediately these colonies went to pieces, the best part of them was irrevocably lost to the mother country." But M. Filon leaves out of consideration the hand which the English nation had in founding these colonies, the advantage they subsequently afforded for emigration, and the influence Great Britain and the United States—one in blood, creed, and language—have acquired over the face of the globe. M. Filon continues: "Will it be said that it is literature or art which gives the English eighteenth century its originality? Art, when Hogarth reproduces, with heavy and graceless brush, the outlines of reality, and presents with cruel exactitude the most vulgar scenes of life." It is difficult to reconcile this view with M. Filon's former impression of Hogarth, that his "fame has survived for one hundred and twenty years, that he initiated the triumphs of the modern realistic school, and that, whilst many a genius has been unproductive, the cuttings of Hogarth filled every nursery of art." In days when public opinion had not the facilities and means of expression which it has in our own, Hogarth's presentments of fashionable vices brought them into prominence and consequent discredit. "Or with Reynolds?" M. Filon asks. "He composes with mysterious recipes and puts into small labelled bottles the complexion of all the pretty women of England." The meaning of this sentence is almost as mysterious as Sir Joshua's recipes. If M. Filon had crossed the Channel during the winter months of these last eighteen years, and visited the exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and of late at the Grosvenor Gallery, he would have carried away a clearer conception of the countless beauties and great men whose varied lineaments not only Reynolds, but Gainsborough and Romney, have preserved.

With regard to literature, M. Filon states that "it is altogether borrowed and reflected." On reading such a sentence we might be tempted to ask whether he has studied Mr. Lecky's history attentively, or in fact any history of the literature of the eighteenth century. We may grant that the writings of Bolingbroke, who is generally recognized as a master of the English language, had been influenced by his long sojourn in France, and to a certain extent repeat with Voltaire that his books, though filled with leaves, bore no

fruit. But we may remind M. Filon of the fact that Voltaire, during the composition of the "Henriade," took his manuscript to Bolingbroke, and asked him for corrections and suggestions, which he gladly adopted. Moreover, were not Voltaire himself, Montesquieu, and many of the other leading French writers indebted for their leading doctrines to Locke and the English deists? Has M. Filon never heard of "The Rape of the Lock" or the "Essay on Man"? If Addison's "Cato" and "Campaign" are beneath his notice, could he really assert that the inimitable figure of Sir Roger de Coverley is borrowed or reflected? Again, we may concede that Sir Horace Walpole acquired the piquancy of his epistolary style from his long residence in Paris; but is Gibbon's history a "borrowed and reflected" work? Of Dr. Johnson, M. Filon says that he was "an old pedant, and half mad, though dictator of English letters." Of late a controversy has been going on in this country whether Dr. Johnson's works are still read; but no one has denied that his Dictionary is a standard work, and that his table talk, over his innumerable cups of tea and his ferocious and ugly appetite, remodelled the whole style of English conversation, and imparted to it a hitherto unknown brilliancy and elegance. M. Filon condescends to remark that he finds an original accent in Defoe and Richardson behind their counters, and in the poems of the peasant Burns, "who composes sublime songs written to the step of his oxen." But of Gray's "Elegy," which Wolfe declared he would rather have written than have taken Quebec, M. Filon says nothing. He dismisses all the other authors of the English eighteenth century with the general observation, "The rest are not worth the honor of being mentioned." Poor Oliver Goldsmith was too homely a genius to deserve this honor. Certainly the idyllic scenes of "The Vicar of Wakefield" may appear tame beside the Abbé Prévost's spicy apotheosis of Manon Lescaut, whilst the adventures of Tom Jones and Sophia may be too coarse for the admirers of the erotic tales of Crébillon *filis*. He goes on to say: "Shall we seek in the eighteenth century of England that refinement, that flower of worldly civilization, which expands in our French *salons* of the day? If we look at the princes . . . there have been more infamous ones, but none more vulgar, than the first two Hanoverian kings." He then proceeds to review the lives of the first two Georges, in words

which are exaggerated from the pages of Thackeray. Whatever the shortcomings of the first two Georges may have been as individuals, it seems as if they might not unworthily bear comparison with Louis the Fifteenth, *le bien-aimé*. At any rate, George the Second won his spurs on the field of battle, and fought like a soldier at Dettingen. Rapacious as were the favorites of George the First and George the Second, the wealth of England was not exhausted in satisfying their profligate demands. The king had a civil list and a fixed income which he was able to dispose of as he chose; and George the Second is known for his economical disposition. Whereas the whole revenue of France, wrung from an oppressed peasantry, went towards purchasing the twenty-four residences of Madame de Pompadour, the sale of whose effects after her death occupied a year, and furnishing the cabinets of Madame du Barry, of which we are told that every lock and every window-fastening was a work of art. Contrast the simplicity of St. James's Palace, Kensington, Kew, and even Windsor Castle, with the lavishment, not of Versailles only, but of Fontainebleau, Marly, Choisy, Rambouillet, and other palaces which were swept away in 1793. Each royal removal entailed a fabulous outlay; each residence had its special and costly costume; every royal birth or wedding served as a pretext for festivities, which, as neither nobility nor clergy were taxed, were paid for by the people. At the marriage of the king's daughter, the future Duchess of Parma, the expenditure on public entertainments amounted to 32,000*l.*, the item for the dresses of the gentlemen-in-waiting and equerries alone being upwards of 2,000*l.* Marie Antoinette spent on the Petit Trianon during the fifteen years of its existence the sum of two million francs. However much we may suffer from the increase in the national debt, owing to the war policy of the younger Pitt, at least it saved and strengthened the empire; whereas the expenditure of Louis the Fifteenth, which was imitated by a servile nobility, ruined the country, and hastened and aggravated the Revolution. M. Filon says that George the First mortally hated his son George the Second, who transmitted the hatred to his son Frederick, Prince of Wales. Was there so much domestic affection to be found at Versailles? The dauphin's piety was ridiculed by his father, and the contempt which the king showed for him is said to have shortened his life. M. Filon quotes Thackeray's

words that in the English court "there was neither dignity, morality, nor wit." But was there so much dignity at the court of France? Madame de Pompadour was the daughter of a clerk who was condemned to be hanged for embezzlement. His sentence was commuted to exile, and when he returned he was made a marquis. The connection of Louis the Fifteenth with Madame du Barry was one long episode of want of dignity. To accustom the king to the dismissal of the minister he liked — the Duc de Choiseul — we read that Madame du Barry sat on the king's knee, tossing oranges into the air, and exclaimed, "Saute Choiseul, saute Praslin." To induce the king to dismiss his parliament, she pointed repeatedly to the portrait of Charles the First by Vanduyke, which is now in the Louvre, and, calling the king "La France," exclaimed, "Your parliament, too, will cut off your head." Did the king display much dignity in the following incident? One of his courtiers died suddenly in his presence while the royal party were playing at billiards, and his wig fell off. The next morning he asked, "Did you hear how — parted with his wig?" Or was the French court rendered dignified by the king devoting his time to practising the art of embroidery and the preparation of truffled dishes? As to morality, surely M. Filon could not wish us to draw a parallel? When we come to wit, however, we confess that we must strike our colors. The palm undeniably belongs to France.

In his further indictment of the English eighteenth century, through which it would be tedious to follow M. Filon step by step, he devotes several pages to the Revolution of 1688, to the internal policy of England during the reign of William the Third, Queen Anne, and the first Georges. A glance into Mr. Lecky's conscientious and picturesque narrative will give the reader cause to regret that a critic of M. Filon's authority should present so misleading a picture of the time of which he writes. The Revolution of 1688, he says, "arose ostensibly through hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, but really through hatred of France." Superficially this is correct. Dislike of the foreigner and of foreign influence has always been one of the strongest motives of all great national movements. That sentiment is not confined to the British race. Has France or any other country ever been so partial to foreign influence? Was it not that sentiment which enabled the tattered legions of the republic to beat back the

German armies? and in more recent times have we not seen the unity of Italy accomplished chiefly through the hatred of foreign dominion and influence? Unquestionably, shortly before her death, Queen Anne's sympathies were strongly in favor of a restoration of the Stuarts; and if the queen's life had been prolonged, the order of succession might have been changed. The country naturally preferred the heir of an ancient and native line of kings to an unsympathetic, and to them unknown, prince. As late as the rebellion of 1745 the feelings of the people were so divided that old Horace Walpole wrote: "I apprehend that the people may perhaps look on and cry, 'Fight dog! fight bear!' if they do no worse." But there can be no doubt that the accession of the house of Hanover and its firm hold on the throne were due to the national dislike of Roman Catholicism. If the old Pretender had renounced his creed, and had been willing to adopt that of his sister Queen Anne, the course of history might have been altered. But we must abide by facts, and the bigoted intolerance of the Stuart monarchs was too fresh in the recollection of the people to render any Catholic sovereign acceptable. How superficial in reality was the devotion of the nation to the Stuarts, the failure of the old Pretender's expedition in 1715 and the rapid collapse of the rebellion of 1745 proved. The intense craving of a considerable portion of the people for an even more ascetic Protestantism found its expression in the revival of 1750, to the mention of which M. Filon allows only two lines. M. Filon's account of the statesmen of the eighteenth century is remarkable for its omissions. He makes no mention of Godolphin, Somers, Bolingbroke, Harley, or Pulteney. Sir Robert Walpole's long administration he ignores altogether, and is satisfied with stating that "he reconciled the Hanoverian dynasty with the provincial gentry, because being issued from them he knew their feelings, practised their habits, and spoke their language; he reconciled the Church with the government because during twenty years he filled it with rationalist bishops, or, to speak the language of the day, latitudinarians." Of William Pitt, the statesman who at twenty-three was appointed prime minister, remained at the head of the government seventeen years, and in times of unequalled difficulty and during struggles of vital importance, M. Filon sums up a long and acrimonious criticism by saying that he was "more like an old maid than an old bachelor,"

"that many traits of manliness were missing in his nature," though he condescends to state of him that "he was otherwise strong, audacious, and resolute." In enlarging on Edmund Burke's words, M. Filon calls Pitt "a mediocrity, and devoid of a single great idea." Pitt's father, "the great commoner," M. Filon rapidly dismisses with the remark that he was "imposed on the choice of the king by an explosion of public feeling, and that he exercised his authority only too well." M. Filon does not like to dwell on the Treaty of Paris of 1763.

The limits of this article would prevent me from entering into a survey of the great political and military achievements of the English eighteenth century, but an emphatic answer must be given to M. Filon's constantly repeated question, "Where is the interest, where is the greatness, of the English eighteenth century?" The English eighteenth century saw the consolidation of the results of the Revolution of 1688. That revolution, of which M. Filon presents so original a view, saw the establishment of liberty of speech, and the birth and growth of modern Parliamentary government which superseded the autocratic rule of an intolerant monarchy. It cannot be sufficiently borne in mind that England at that time and for many a year to come was the only country in Europe where popular representation existed on a free and sound basis, where the prerogative was kept in abeyance, and where liberty of discussion was permitted. The country may have suffered from Parliamentary corruption and bribery and inadequate representation; but it witnessed the liberty of the press and the publication of Parliamentary proceedings, which has led to the complete control of the legislature by public opinion. John Wilkes—of whom Mr. Gladstone in one of his speeches said that, whether we choose it or not, he must be enrolled among the great champions of English freedom, and who, whether directly or indirectly, bore so large a share in assisting the free representation of the nation—M. Filon ignores as a nonentity. The English eighteenth century inaugurated an era of discovery and science, and a development of trade and civilization, the full results of which we have not yet fathomed. If it saw the loss of the American colonies, it saw also the expansion of the British race over the globe. But the great and important achievement of the English eighteenth century was that, whereas the influence of France promised

to become paramount in the East Indies and in North America, the Treaty of Paris of 1763 transferred that influence to the British Empire. By that treaty England obtained the cession of Canada and Nova Scotia, and secured her supremacy in the Indian peninsula. Nations and centuries are not free from those defects which are the unfortunate heritage of individual members of the community, and the history of the English eighteenth century was marked by some deplorable events; but the eighteenth century ended in internal peace and prosperity for England, whilst for France it ended on the scaffolds of the republic, in bankruptcy and internal dissension.

In contrasting the eighteenth century of England with that of France, it is not my intention to appear to undervalue the latter. When M. Filon remarks that "it is a magical century," he can meet with no denial. It is too, as he observes, "an æsthetic century, and, so far as its social life is concerned, it exercises upon us an irresistible attraction." He might have added that it was endowed with the girdle of Venus. To Talleyrand's remark that he who did not live before 1789 could not know the full charms, we can give an unqualified assent as far as the life of the upper classes is concerned. The many memoirs of the period introduce us to an exuberance of intellectual activity and social luxury, a perfection of form and manner, a courtliness and an elegance, which must ever appeal to our taste, our fancy, and our senses. Every nerve was strained, every responsibility discarded, every principle forsaken, every duty abandoned, in the effort to idealize the forms of enjoyment. If we turn from the memoirs to the prints, they disclose pageants, the splendor of which the modern imagination can scarcely realize, or unveil mysteries of life which only the accompaniment of inimitable grace redeems from grossness.

Under Louis the Fourteenth society was still linked with that of the sixteenth century, and the rude and primitive conditions of those earlier days first began to give place to the pleasing conventionalities of later times under the influence of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; whereas under Louis the Fifteenth, dress, manners, conversation, all the thousand and one amenities of life, reached a pitch of perfection which has never been surpassed, because they were made the subject of profound study, and were the essentials of success.

One of the seductive attributes of society was that beauty in women and talent in men acted as an "open sesame," and, for the first time in modern history, levelled the distinctions of caste. Strange scenes sometimes occurred, revealing that a tinge of barbarism still survived to remind men of genius that their position was still inferior to that of the nobles with whom they mixed. Thus Voltaire, having cleverly retorted on the Chevalier de Rohan for some impertinence, received a thrashing the next day at the hands of the lacqueys of the chevalier. Voltaire demanded satisfaction, but received a *lettre de cachet* which sent him to the Bastille.

However desirous we may be of doing justice to the eighteenth century, it is still impossible to absolve Louis the Fifteenth from the political and moral obloquy which is indelibly attached to his name. Some allowance must be made for the circumstances in which he was placed. It was his lot to occupy the throne at the time when the evils of the autocratic system reached their culminating point. What could be expected of a sovereign who, at the age of twelve, was taken by his governor, old Marshal Villeroy, to a window of the Tuileries within sight of the assembled people, and told, "Look, sire, at all those people; they are yours. You are their master; look at them a little in order to please them;" then, having been married at fifteen to an unattractive woman older than himself, was subjected to the wiles of all the highest ladies in the land. But of his heartlessness, it is true, many proofs are extant. Count Durfort, a court official, contradicts the well-known story that, when the funeral of Madame de Pompadour left Versailles in a downpour of rain, the king exclaimed: "The poor marquise will have bad weather for her journey," and asserts that the king wept, and, on being rallied for his emotion, replied, "It is the only tribute I can pay to the memory of the marquise."

The influence of Madame de Pompadour was certainly deplorable. Politically she showed some discernment in inducing the king to fight the growing forces of Prussia, though she neutralized the possible good effects of the counsel by giving the command of the army to the Prince de Soubise, for the war was disastrous and terminated in the Treaty of Paris. She deserves more recognition for her share in bringing about the institution of the Ecole Militaire, as well as for her patronage of Voltaire and many of the great thinkers of the time, whom the king

cordially detested. Old Crébillon, her former master, she relieved from misery and pensioned; no mean artist herself and a singer of unusual talent, she provided the painters, sculptors, and engravers with constant employment, and called the manufactory of Sèvres into existence.

Unsuccessful as were most of the French military commanders of the eighteenth century, the courage and gallantry of individual soldiers and officers were as conspicuous in those days as at any time before or since. The episode of the Chevalier d'Assas — to mention only one of the many heroic acts which were repeated on every battle-field — proves how capable the soldiers of Louis the Fifteenth were of acts of chivalrous self-sacrifice. The Chevalier d'Assas, in advance of his regiment, came suddenly on a party of the enemy. He was seized, and threatened with death if he gave the alarm; but, nothing daunted, he cried out to his comrades, paying the penalty with his life. The nobility of France, who must be counted not by hundreds but by hundreds of thousands, were imbued with a love for king and country which enabled them to turn at a moment's notice from the supreme attraction of dancing in a royal ballet, or squandering their fortunes at the royal gaming-tables, to the hardships of campaigning.

One of the prominent features of the French eighteenth century was the efficiency and integrity of the magistracy. A member of that order was Turgot, who became what we may call chancellor of the exchequer in 1774, shortly after the accession of Louis the Sixteenth. Any one who takes an interest in the birth and progress of political economy might read with advantage a short biography of Turgot written by M. Léon Say, and one of a series of biographies which is being published in France in imitation of Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters." M. Léon Say, unlike his compatriot M. Filon, does not class Adam Smith and David Hume among the not-to-be-mentioned nonentities of the English eighteenth century; and, while he states that Adam Smith owes much to the economists of France and to Turgot, acknowledges that "the philosophy of Turgot owes much to the Scottish school, to Hutchison, the master of Adam Smith, and to Adam Smith himself." Between David Hume, the friend and patron of Rousseau, and Turgot, there was a long and interesting correspondence, from which the French minister could not but derive some profit, and some of those re-

flected impressions which M. Filon attributes to English thinkers. After a term of office of twenty months and three weeks Turgot had to resign, owing to the intrigues of an infuriated clergy and nobility, whose privileges he wished to infringe, and chiefly to the influence of Marie Antoinette, then still the frivolous princess of nineteen, whose extravagant demands on the exchequer the minister would not comply with. If Turgot, on the one hand, was one of the originators of the present system of political economy, he was also the first man of his day who had a settled and powerful policy for the re-establishment of the finances of his country, consisting in the abolition of the abuses and privileges of the nobility, clergy, magistracy, army, and guilds, and the enfranchisement of labor, trade, and industry, which were crippled by restrictions and monopolies; thus endeavoring to realize peacefully the reforms which the Revolution of 1789 accomplished with so much violence and suffering. How ineffectively he struggled with these abuses may be exemplified by one instance. In 1780 Marshal Ségur, the minister for war, promulgated a law to the effect that none but nobles could rise to the rank of officers in the French army, a law which went not a little towards intensifying the hatred of the *tiers état* for the nobility.

Though unprincipled as a class, the nobility of France comprised individual members who were examples not only of personal bravery, but of high mental capacity and culture. The aristocratic element which pervaded all customs and institutions — for instance, the wife of an untitled man was called *mademoiselle* instead of *madame*, and none but titled women were allowed to *rouge* — had been of long and steady growth; but if we put ourselves in the place of persons who lived under the old *régime*, we shall not be surprised at their dislike of innovation. Notwithstanding the reverence for rank and blood, the importance and number of social functions, the burdens of court life and etiquette, many of the French nobles distinguished themselves in science and letters, so that one of their chief ambitions often was to be enrolled as members of the Academy. The French nobility which was so wedded to its privileges waived all considerations in favor of intellectual enjoyments; and though to gain admission at Versailles a patent of nobility dating back to 1399 was necessary, in Paris men and women of the highest rank mixed with the wives of citizens, elbowed artists

and writers, in assemblies where intellect reigned supreme. Madame Geoffrin, the daughter of a royal servant, remained the friend of Stanislas Poniatowski after he became king of Poland, and in his familiar correspondence he calls her his mother. The *salon* — to mention one out of many — of Madame d'Épinay, the wife of a *fermier général*, the friend of Rousseau and Grimm, was the centre of all that was brightest and cleverest in France. The Prince de Conti showed a generous hospitality to Rousseau, and after Beaumarchais's conviction invited him to spend a day at his house in order "to show France the way a great citizen should be treated." The great citizen came and supped with the prince and forty persons of quality. Strange contrasts and anomalous situations were the result of the familiar intercourse of all classes, and contribute not a little to make the society of that time so amusing to us. Perhaps the greatest anomaly of all was the position of actors and actresses. An antiquated law deprived them of all civil rights; they could not appear as witnesses in a court, nor fill any public post. They were sent to prison for the slightest peccadillo on the mere whim of the court authorities, and if they died whilst following their profession were refused religious rites at their burial. Adrienne Lecouvreur was taken out at night in a cab by two porters and buried in a hole hastily dug at the corner of the street. Yet Adrienne Lecouvreur was so sought after in her lifetime that she complained she could not comply with all the invitations she received from the great, and that their attentions prevented her from enjoying a peaceful and quiet life. The actress Clairon was an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Villeroi and the Duchesse de Duras. Not only actresses, but actors infatuated the leaders of society. The actor Molé received from Marshal Richelieu a costume worth ten thousand francs, and Fleury from a noble friend a dress that had only been worn once and for which eighteen thousand francs had been paid. Two ladies — one French, one Polish — fought a duel for an actor. The Frenchwoman was wounded and locked up in a convent. Quaint incidents of all kinds illustrate the relations between the stage and its patrons. Actresses were sometimes present at State concerts, and on one occasion Sophie Arnould was seated next to a duchess, who exclaimed disdainfully: "Honest women should wear badges to distinguish them." "Then you would wish," replied the actress, "to give

the public a chance of counting them." A young abbé, accompanied by two young and pretty women, entered the box of the Marshal de Noailles, who was known for his misfortunes on the battle-field. The marshal soon afterwards came and claimed the box. In the height of the dispute, the abbé called out to the pit, which had looked on with much interest: "Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Here is the Marshal de Noailles, who has never taken a place in his life, and now wants to take mine. Am I to go?" "No! No!" cried the pit, and the marquis was forced to give way.

Some palliation for the levity of society is to be found in the system of education, which was itself the outcome of the exigencies of fashion. Fathers brought up their sons to consider that the smiles of the king were the only source of honor and preferment. The entire day of a lady of rank was taken up by dress, conversation, and amusement. No mother was able under such circumstances to devote her thoughts to her daughter, who was sent off at an early age to an aristocratic convent. How peculiar was the education which she there received may be judged from the fact that the same prizes were given for history as for dancing. In order to preserve the purity of blood and the equality of position, the pupil was affianced and often married by her parents when hardly in her teens to a man whom she had never seen.

But the tact and power of assimilation peculiar to Frenchwomen enabled them, notwithstanding their faulty education, to acquire that culture and brilliancy which was so highly prized. Domestic affection and purity were scarcely compatible with the conditions under which their lives were passed. Owing to the educational teachings of Rousseau, combined with the Anglomaniæ—which declared itself not only in the diffusion of constitutional aspirations, but even in the practice of horse-racing—and to the participation in the War of American Independence, a desire for a better state of things began to make itself felt. The literary and philosophical doctrines of the Encyclopædists contributed towards the reform of the abuses of the aristocratic system, but they must also bear the responsibility of having produced that contempt for religion and for authority which accelerated the Revolution. That Revolution contributes a fitting antithesis and climax to the levity and enchantment of the earlier portions of the century. When, however, we throw off the spell exercised

by the superficial attractions of the French eighteenth century, then we perceive beneath the brilliant veneer of art, wit, and refinement, those vices of character and constitution which could only be eradicated by a supreme convulsion. As in tropical countries the rotting trunks of ancient trees are covered by a rank and gorgeous vegetation, so the processes of decomposition at work in the political, aristocratic, clerical, and social systems of France were concealed by a luxuriant and vivid intellectual overgrowth. M. Filon gleefully improves on Lord Chesterfield's observation and says that the graces were not natives of Great Britain; but when we come to judge impartially the cardinal merits of the English and French eighteenth centuries, when we emancipate ourselves from the glamor of the Gallic graces, and only compare stern historical facts in their immediate effects on the welfare of the nation, the consequences of the old *régime* in France with those of the new in England, we are forced to conclude that the English kings of the eighteenth century deserved better of their country than the Bourbons of France, that English statesmen adapted themselves to the growing demand for popular and democratic changes, that England's soldiers and sailors brought victory to her arms, that her religious and philosophical reforms sowed the seeds of the greater purity and greater prosperity of the nineteenth century; while in France, princes, statesmen, and nobles brought the throne into disrepute, the finances to run, and the country to anarchy—that, in a word, all the forces of England were united in building up the empire, whilst those of France were united in destroying hers. Century for century, the eighteenth century of England was a century of ascent, the eighteenth century of France a century of descent.

FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.

From Murray's Magazine.
A LADY'S WINTER HOLIDAY IN IRELAND.*

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD.

"You've come to Ireland at a warm time," was one of the first observations

* I went to Ireland with what it is the fashion to call "an open mind," carrying introductions both from the Loyal and Patriotic Union, and from two eminent members of the Nationalist party. These secured me a kind reception everywhere, and an apparently frank expression of opinion from men on both sides. It is not in five weeks, however, or in five months, that a stranger, on the facts or fictions presented to him,

made to me after I landed in Dublin. Snow was falling briskly at the time, and the mercury was four degrees below the freezing-point. It was an expressive metaphor for all that. The first indication of a rise in temperature was in the *salon* of the hotel at which I arrived, where there are two colored maps of Ireland; the one a Parliamentary map, showing from white up to red the Loyalist and Nationalist portions of Ireland; the other an "Agrarian Crimes map," with the area colored dark red over which crime and "disturbances" prevail, Parnellite majorities and the maxima of crime being made to coincide. On a table by the *salon* door are piles of pamphlets published by the Loyal and Patriotic Union, bearing such titles as "Reasons why Britons should oppose Home Rule," "An Irish Priest glorying in the Phoenix Park murders," "Outrage and the National League," etc. A line over the table suggests that "visitors may take some and give them to friends."

I asked the way to Upper Sackville Street of a workman. He replied that he didn't know such a street, although we were then distant from it about fifty yards. Presently I asked another, and with a very surly manner he replied, "There's no such street in Dublin." Thus foiled, I went into a shop, and was told that the broad and handsome street I was then in was legally named Sackville Street, and was so inscribed at the street corners, but that it is *Nationalistically* known as O'Connell Street, and a few doors higher up a prominent board over two windows is painted in conspicuous letters "National League, 43 O'Connell Street," and the League paper bears the same address. In Waterford, national aspiration has changed Beresford Street into Parnell Street, and I think one may label an Irishman a Nationalist or a Loyalist by the use of one name or the other. I may remark that though the offices of the National League are in a handsome street, they do not look answerable for any very extravagant expenditure. The long public room has a desk running down the middle, behind which are a small table and chair. Over the fireplace is a colored lithograph of the

Irish Parliamentary party, row above row. The only other adornment is a clever sketch entitled "Victory of the Plan" (of Campaign). Behind this is the *sanctum* of Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., but on the day of my visit he was standing his trial at Tralee. The courteous clerks are too "seedy" in their appearance to suggest high salaries. One of them took some trouble to get me the geographical information which I asked for. Seeing a note in my hand with the signature of a popular leader of the Nationalist party upon it, he remarked, "That name would carry you all over Ireland," (possibly he had forgotten Ulster!) with an enthusiasm of tone which recalled a remark made to me by Mr. Justin McCarthy before I left England: "You have no conception of the enthusiastic devotion of the Irish people to the leaders of the National movement. It is akin to the devotion of the Italians to Garibaldi." In my subsequent journey I had abundant proof of this, and even the poorest cabins, if they had no other adornment, possessed portraits of Parnell, W. O'Brien, and John Dillon. The plain rooms at "43 O'Connell Street" are singularly interesting, of course, as being the headquarters of what is or has been the actual government of the greater part of Roman Catholic Ireland, and which now stands committed to a conflict with the British government, the *permanent* issue of which is doubtful.

"Warm times" soon impressed themselves upon me. As a stranger, I was taken in hand, and tutored and coached, and crammed with facts, or what were intended as such, chiefly by Unionists; but on two occasions I spent an evening with a very brilliant barrister, a native of the south of Ireland, a strong Nationalist and Home-Ruler, but not a Parnellite, and more severe in his criticisms of the compact eighty-six, and more scathing in his contempt for what he termed "their pure selfishness," than anybody I met. This man is brilliant, vivid, eloquent, impassioned in conversation, an ardent Celt, with much of the mournful genius of his race, and a Catholic. An Irish Parliament, with complete control over Irish affairs, and with a delegation to Westminster to vote on imperial topics, to abolish landlordism, to parcel out the land in farms of thirty acres, not to permit any man now or hereafter to own more land than he can cultivate, and a graduated income tax, are his panacea for Ireland. "To trust Ireland," he believes, would save her. When the prosperity of Ulster

could found an opinion worth having on the complicated problems which Ireland presents. This humble contribution to the literature of the struggle aims at nothing more than a careful report of a portion of what I heard, and a description of some things that I saw. Everywhere the staple of conversation was the same, except among "Loyalists" and boycotted persons; rents, prices, landlords, grievances, and what may be expected from the English democracy. — I. L. B.

was spoken of, he said, "They shot the landlords there in good time;" and going on to speak of a part of Tipperary which is prosperous, he accounted for it by saying, "They shot some landlords, and the rest were scared into giving fixity of tenure." In plain English, he meant that the terrorizing of landlords had brought about that equitable adjustment of rent in these regions which is now being sought under the Land Act of 1887.

From Dublin one mercilessly cold afternoon I went to Drogheda, a prosperous town of fourteen thousand people, with a number of excellent shops, a foundry, chemical works, linen and cotton factories, giving a large amount of employment. In addition there is a large cattle trade by steamer. The number of drink-shops is enormous. Though the town is prosperous, the streets are badly kept and very dirty. The best inn, in its winter plight, consisted of dusty rooms, damp beds, uneasy chairs, and draughty floors. I asked for the coffee-room. They said that it would be full of men drinking, so I walked about the busy, miry streets till it was dark and I was tired. Then I found, not that there was drinking in the coffee-room, but that there was no fire in it. The next morning I wished to take a car to the Massarene estates, the most northern district to which the Plan of Campaign had reached. At the bar they had told me that it was three miles — at 6d. a mile, *is.* 6d. When I asked what I should have to pay for a car, the man at the hotel unblushingly said 10s. I replied that I should walk, on which he followed me, saying, "How much do you wish to give for a car?" to which I answered, "The fair price, neither more nor less," and departed at a rapid pace, leaving him disconsolate. I may at once say that my expedition was an abortive one, for I passed Father Rock, whom I went to see, on the road without knowing it. I had heard from the editor of the *Drogheda Independent*, who indulged in very strong language concerning "landlordism," that Lord Massarene was neither a harsh nor an absentee landlord, and gathered that the dispute between him and his tenantry might have been compromised through the agency of one priest, but that a crisis was brought about through the advice and unyielding attitude of another, an extremist.

I had quite expected to get a lift, but failed, as every vehicle on the road, and I met over one hundred and fifty, was going into Drogheda, carrying Mr. Smith Bar-

ry's tenantry to pay their rents. After walking up a long street of thatched, whitewashed cottages of two rooms each, a comfortable arrangement that I have since seen in Waterford and elsewhere, I had a delightful walk of two and a half hours through the open country. The sky was cloudless, and the frosty air felt and smelt like that of the prairies. Pretty, hilly country it is, dotted plentifully with small, whitewashed homesteads, with thatched roofs and neat outbuildings, with a sprinkling of larger farms, a pleasant, trim, prosperous, and even thrifty-looking region, gates and dikes in good order, hedges higher and more ragged than in the Lothians, but very little on the surface to find fault with.

The carts made a long procession, the majority drawn by short-legged, compact, strong ponies about fourteen hands high, a few by mules, and a great many by sleek, comely, fast-trotting asses. The peasants were comely and well clothed, and looked, like their beasts, well fed. On reaching Monasterboice, notorious for its richly carved cross, I found that there was no inn, and no possibility on that particular day of getting a conveyance. I was most kindly received in a cottage embowered in roses, on which rosebuds were still lingering, and heard a version of the news of the neighborhood from my hosts. As to the evictions, they said that the people blamed not the landlord, but a new agent. Two of the evicted tenants had been put in as caretakers at 1d. per week; the rest were provided for by the National League, and emergency men had been put into their houses. The matter, they said, had been managed on behalf of the landlord by the Property Defence Association. They could not, or would not, tell me of any special hardships. They thought that rents were too high for the times, and that they were only paid with help from relations in America, or by the wages of the farmers' daughters, many of whom work in the factories in Drogheda. Their cottage was an example of cleanliness, comfort, and homely decoration.

When I returned to Drogheda after this most pleasant walk through a part of what may be termed *Hibernia Felix*, I found that the room in which the rent-audit was going on was the only room with a fire in it, so I spent an hour there. The rent-taking was a strictly commercial transaction. The manner of the tenants was sullen and ungracious; that of the agent sharp and imperious. There were no

courtesies or pleasantries, and, above all, no dinner, that genial accompaniment of a "rent-audit" in England. Still it was a satisfaction to see about two hundred farmers able to pay rent in these bad times, even if the abatement was, as was said, twenty-five per cent. A well-dressed, good-looking young man took the money, intrenched behind a barrier of dining-tables. The crowd of tenants — broad-shouldered, sturdy, warmly dressed men, with a few women among them — crowded one on another, some on tiptoe, some sitting or kneeling on tables and chairs, growling at being kept waiting, all anxious to get their receipts and go home, as the night was closing in.

The railroad from Dublin to Arklow passes through lovely country, and I saw the "sweet vale of Ovoca" glorified by a sunset in which the sky was one rippled crimson sea. In that vale, Avondale, Mr. Parnell's house, on an eminence, is a conspicuous object. Two men in the car took off their hats as they passed it. I travelled third-class, having found myself always solitary in first-class cars, and heard ceaseless talk of rents, prices of cattle, landlords, and "the times." The third-class cars are usually quite destitute of comfort, and very dirty. On my Arklow journey they were so cold, that the snow brought in by the passengers did not melt. The presence of two constables of the Royal Irish Constabulary on every railway platform when a train stops is a matter of course, and I have rarely travelled in a train in which there was not a detachment of these superb-looking men, with carbines and bayonets, going on duty. This ubiquitousness of armed men suggests security or insecurity, according to a man's views of the "state of things."

I reached Arklow at dusk, and walked over the crisp snow to the long street, which begins at the top of a hill, on which are a barrack, and an ivy-mantled fragment of the old castle on a rock above the Ovoca, and ends on the level of the sea, and near it. A forlorn, decayed, dirty street it is, of small shops and innumerable groggeries. Here, for the only time, I encountered beggars, or rather people begged of me — dirty, thinly clad, poor-looking women, who asked for "coppers, for the love of the Blessed Virgin." At the small inn they could not receive me — it was being painted; but they directed me to "respectable lodgings" near the end of the street, where a road turns off and crosses the Ovoca by a bridge of nineteen arches just above the harbor. I

found the very poorest of small shops, with two or three of the very poorest of customers in it. The widow who keeps it is frank and comely. I asked her charge for a room. "Sixpence," she replied, "and you'll get it to yourself" — a cheering bit of information. She lets lodgings to extra policemen, but draws the line when they come to carry out evictions. In the little room behind the shop, unpromising and poverty-stricken, two fishermen were smoking over the fire, and three men who work in Mr. Parnell's quarry, which supplies Dublin with paving-stones, Presbyterians from Ulster, who lodge in the house, my hostess said, were having tea. I had mine, served with hearty good-will; but as there was not room for us all to sit down at once, I walked up the long, depressing street and called on Dr. Dillon, the C. C. of Arklow, who gave me a very courteous reception. This priest, well known as an extremist, was sitting in a comfortable room with a good fire, an Irish terrier called John Morley, an original and obtrusive character, on the hearth, many books, chiefly philological, a Madonna over the chimneypiece, and portraits of John Dillon and W. O'Brien on the walls. There were various daring political cartoons from *United Ireland*, and a picture of the "Tullamore martyr" on a plank bed, with a gaoler running away with his clothes, and of other heroes of the League, two of whom Mr. Dillon said knew from experience nearly every jail in Ireland. He told me the story of the Brooke estate, mentioned recent visits of English M.P.'s who had expressed themselves very strongly on the tenants' side, and anticipated in glowing terms the speedy downfall of "landlordism" and the triumph of Home Rule.

Again I was begged of all down the dark and slippery street by women whose poverty was evidently real, even though the multitude of groggeries might partly account for it. Still followed by women asking alms, I went into a dimly lighted shop kept by an active member of the League, to ask if I could get a car for the next day. "He had no car. There were no cars. No, I could not get one." He was sombre and discouraging. I showed him a letter which I had with me, and after reading it attentively, he said slowly, "That name commands our respect. You will get a car." Late at night he sent word that the priest had arranged for my car for the next morning.

My hostess had worked hard during my absence. She took me up-stairs with pride

to a room with several windows, all blocked up but one. A portrait of Mr. Parnell, a crucifix, a Madonna, and a coarse *Ecce Homo* decorated the walls. She was anxiously endeavoring by various contrivances to make a fire in a grate without a bottom, and eventually succeeded. She had washed the floor, which looked as if it would not dry till the summer, and had put very clean sheets on a very damp bed. The paper in nearly whole lengths hung off the walls. Everything suggested rheumatism. But kindness, frankness, and good-will quite atoned for these inevitables. My hostess was an interesting, impassioned woman, with much picturesque-ness of diction, and interested me greatly by her narrative of her descent into poverty. In saying what she could and could not do to make her living at the present time, she constantly said, "I asked *them*," "*they* allowed it," "*they* said I mustn't do that." These were principally transactions regarding policemen, so who the "*they*" are may be inferred.

I asked if Mr. Parnell were popular in Arklow. "Popular," she said, with a shade of contempt in her voice, "popular, why he's loved like the blessed Mother of God! Why, you'd see men taking off their hats in the train as they pass his house. Ah," she said, "the English think if we got Home Rule there'd be disorder in Ireland. Is Mr. Parnell the man to allow disorder? He would be severe indeed. Blessed saints! He's but to say who shall sit in Parliament, and he's put in. Ay, he is loved, and there'll be no disorder when he comes to power."

Arklow has fifty large fishing-vessels, with eight men each, and one hundred smaller boats, and the town of over four thousand people depends chiefly on the fishing, which of late years has been unprosperous. The want of a safe harbor on a long coast line is a source of much loss, both of life and property. The harbor and its environments have a look of steady decay.

The snow disappeared during the night, but there was no change in the beauty of the weather, and the sun at times was nearly warm. I met my car at Dr. Dillon's, and as another priest, Father O'Donnell, was going to Coolgreany, I gave him a seat, and he gave me his version of matters on the Brooke estate. I give his own words: "There are eighty-nine tenants on the Brooke estate. Of these, eighty-two adopted the Plan of Campaign on December 13th, 1886. Before adopting

it, a deputation, consisting of the priests and some of the tenants, waited on the agent" (Captain Hamilton), "respectfully asking him for an abatement of thirty per cent., but the agent would not even listen to the request, ordering us forthwith to quit the office, insulting the priests, and telling his solicitor, whom he brought with him, to serve the tenants of the deputation with writs as a fitting response to their demand. Twelve months before, the tenants had written a memorial for reduction to Mr. Brooke, to which he did not condescend to reply. There were fifty-one families evicted last July, the eviction campaign lasting three weeks. The tenants deposited in the Campaign Fund £618 16s. 6d. less the thirty per cent. which they had asked for. Mr. Dillon told the landlord that if he would not come to a settlement three months after the adoption of the plan, he would forfeit his right to a solvent cheque."

I have not heard the Brooke version of the affair. Father O'Donnell and others said that Mr. Brooke was "not a bad landlord, as things go;" that the estate could not be described as having been rack-rented, or in any sense an "extreme case." Mr. Brooke is an absentee, and his agent was described as "harsh and arrogant," a man more likely to embitter than smooth matters in times of difficulty. It was said further that when tenants applied to Mr. B. for manure, and in some cases for reasonable repairs, he met them half-way. As prices fell, things went from bad to worse, till the fifty-one families were evicted from holdings from three hundred acres downwards.

After a charming drive of a few miles, through pleasant pastoral lands, we visited some of the "Campaign huts," in which some of the evicted families are housed. These are solid, light, well-ventilated, two-storied, wooden houses of two, three, and four rooms each, with good heating and cooking stoves in the living-rooms, and dry, level floors. No peasantry could be better housed; but life must be very burdensome with nothing to do, and a very dubious future. One young man who had taken a very active part in resisting the sheriff's officers was crippled with rheumatism from the subsequent exposure, and a sad-looking young girl, who was suffering from hip-joint disease, said she was much worse from the same cause. There are other huts higher on the hill, and various outhouses, such as the priest's stable at Ballyfadh, have been turned into comfortable dwellings. We went on to

the Ballyfadh Roman Catholic church, which stands on the brow of a hill in a very large graveyard, with a truly lovely view of hill and dale, upland and meadow, dotted with whitewashed farms, sleeping in blue haze and soft sunshine. There we met the parish priest, Father O'Neill, a fine-looking and prepossessing man, who appeared to have great power with the people. There also I had the good fortune to come upon about fifty of the evicted tenants, who had assembled to receive their monthly allowances under the "Plan," a sturdy, well-dressed set of men, mostly middle-aged.

The "hut" in the graveyard is occupied by a couple notorious amongst the evicted families for the desperate resistance they offered to the sheriff's men. In and about this house in conversation with the people I spent the next three hours, receiving a heartier welcome for the sake of my nationality, than possibly I was entitled to for the sake of my opinions. "Oh, bless your soul, you're English! The English are our best friends. It's to the English we look. The English democracy, if it isn't them intirely that'll give us justice. Bless you forever, for coming among us! May you make your bed in heaven for coming here!"—and many like exclamations.

The fire was blown to red-hot heat, whiskey and cake were nearly forced upon me—indeed, the cordiality was almost overwhelming. The heroes of the eviction fight were introduced to me in this fashion: "This is Mr. —, the biggest tenant amongst us, but he cast in his lot with us. This is Mrs. —, a widow. They pulled her house down over her head, may the devil take their souls! This"—bringing up a pale, sad-looking young girl in deep mourning—"this is the murdered Kinsella's daughter. Ah, they shot him like a crow! Our martyr he is, and God Almighty only can revenge his blood, for the man who took aim at him and shot him (may he have his bed in hell!) is protected by the law—yis, the law." Then an elderly woman was introduced. "Her grandfather built the house, and her father added to it, and they've taken it from her, and they've left her without a copper in the world, and they fired fifty shots at her, but God Almighty charmed her life." And so on throughout the crowd, which filled the house, attracted by the fire, the English stranger, and the refreshments. There was one man not there, whom they regretted that I did not see. "A grand man—och, he's a grand

man intirely. He's seen the inside of 'nearly every jail in Ireland!" Then followed a torrent of wrath and invective rising nearly to a scream, interspersed with passionate entreaties to all the powers of Heaven for vengeance on "the murderers and oppressors."

A table with a white cloth was put in front of the fire, with rolls of bank-notes to the amount of £180 upon it. At this the two priests were seated, with lists of the tenants for reference, and each farmer received his monthly allowance from the "Campaign" fund, varying from £2 to £6, an amount of spendable money which some of them might rarely have possessed. It was received quietly.

After this I was almost dragged into the graveyard, and the priests insisted on my saying a few words to the people. These words were wholesome, but I was certain that they could not be palatable, and it said much for Coolgreany courtesy that the people responded with three Irish cheers on the invitation of Father O'Neill. Miss Darcy, the fashionable-looking daughter of one of the tenants, insisted on my going with her to see the home from which they had been evicted—a very pretty, whitewashed farmhouse of six rooms, with compact out-buildings, standing on a lawn-like slope, with a lovely view. As we crossed the soft green turf before the house, a perfect passion of grief overmastered and transformed this quiet, feminine girl. The "wrong and cruelty," the "hellish greed" of the eviction, she said, had "burned into her soul." "The house was added to and beautified by father and grandfather; it was our very own beautiful home. No man living had any right there. Oh, forgive me, I can't help it, I did love it so—every bit of it, and we had such a happy life there summer and winter; and here we had our own calves, and here pigs, and then these devils came"—and then sobbing violently and convulsively, she tried to open the door. Failing in this, with an exclamation of rage she leapt through the window from which the glass had been knocked out, and opened it from within. It was a dismal spectacle inside. Relics of occupation still remained, mixed up with broken pottery, and fragments of furniture, shelves, and wood-work smashed in the struggle. Her own room was reached by a staircase, still blocked up by the branches and brushwood used to defend it. She took me up another, and we reached her room, in which a few dainty traces of female occupancy still

remained, by creeping through a stone wall, through which an entrance had been effected by crowbars. A big hole had also been made in the slated roof. "Ah," she said, in a terrible passion of tears, "the brutes! the villains! it was my own dear room; they couldn't get up, and I had lime and cayenne ready for them. Mother of mercy! I cannot bear it!" And she threw her arms wildly upwards, sobbing violently. The soft slant rays of the sinking sun were brightening the velvet turf below; not a twig stirred, there was no sound of bird or beast. It was sad and beautiful.*

Afterwards I waited an hour by the fire in "the graveyard hut," and was joined by several of the tenants. I asked one of the leading men among them if he and they wanted a Parliament in Dublin? "Never mind, devil do I care; it's the land we want. We want an honest living for ourselves and our children." I asked another if they were all Home Rulers. "Yes, we are; it's the shortest way of getting rid of landlordism. If only England would give us justice! We're starving. It's not so much Home Rule itself, but we don't want to be forced to go to America; we could live here if it were not for the rent. There's just sixty-three families, and only six laborers among us; our sons and daughters do the work, but the landlords eat out our vitals."

I left, followed by Father O'Neill on his own car. The road was hilly and the turns abrupt, and had it not been for his advice, "Sit limp," I should have been spun off into the ditch more than once. That part of Wexford is most attractive, and owing to the profusion of evergreens and ivy, it had scarcely a wintry aspect. We passed through various estates on which the tillage was strikingly neat and careful, and all the farmhouses looked bright and in good repair. On these estates, the priest said, there was no "trouble" at all, the landlords are resident, and "have met the times liberally."†

* Most people know how last July, soldiers, constabulary, and Emergency men were brought to Coolgreany to assist the civil officers in evicting the tenants. A determined resistance was offered in some cases; there were scenes of great passion and violence, and much bitter cursing and wailing, but eventually law triumphed. Emergency men, protected by policemen, are now on some of the farms. Before the crisis the tenants disposed of their live stock, and other movable effects. Several of the farmhouses were seriously damaged in the fight, and others are becoming dilapidated from standing empty. The landlord has lost his rents, and pays heavily for the emergency men, and the tenants have lost their homes and holdings.

† It must be remembered that while a great depression lies upon all Ireland, it is only certain districts

I stopped for a glass of milk at the handsome parish house adjoining the handsome Roman Catholic parish church of which Father O'Neill is priest, and then found myself with only fifteen minutes in which to do three miles. It is exquisite country through which the road to the Inch station passes. The sunset coloring glorified everything, and the frost was keen; but a race with time with a sluggish horse, rather distracted from my enjoyment of it. At last the driver, who was a very good fellow, woke up, and woke up his horse by various shrill and grating sounds. He asked me to hold my watch in my hand, for we had only five minutes in which to do a mile. Up and down hills sleeted with ice, over bridges, through a hamlet we clattered; one more minute! "There she is!" he exclaimed, as a white cloud of steam rose among the trees; then, in answer to a prolonged, whirling yell, the horse dashed forward at a hand gallop, and the car and the last train for Dublin reached the Inch station simultaneously.

From Longman's Magazine.
COLD WINDS.

IN all matters relating to health there is no more important subject to be considered than the state of the atmosphere. To organic nature, whether animal or vegetable, the air is the first necessary of existence, and its condition therefore is of the greatest moment to us. Being a gaseous and elastic body, it is subject to great alterations from a variety of causes, and its tenuity is such that the least difference in temperature or weight between neighboring localities causes a movement from the colder to the warmer region, or from the area of higher pressure to the lower. These flowings of the air from one district to another we call wind. Were the atmosphere to remain perfectly quiescent, simply resting on the earth without ever being stirred, it would long ago have been rendered poisonous by the deleterious exhalations emanating from the ground and from decaying matter, just like the stagnant water of a pond which has neither inlet nor outlet, and life would have become insupportable. Its mobility, however, is the principal factor in determining

which are "disturbed." The remark the priest made about these estates applies to much of Wicklow and Wexford, and to several other counties, in which landlords and tenants lead quiet lives and pursue their avocations in peace, although both are sufferers.

the climate of different countries, and indeed of adjacent towns and villages, and it has been truly remarked that the wind not only contributes to, but it constitutes, the weather. It carries on its wings the balmy, refreshing properties of the ocean, the mountain, the valley, and the plain; or, on the other hand, it conveys the hot, suffocating, sand-laden air of the desert, and the noxious, miasmatic substances of swamps and morasses; in fact it is a huge sponge which, as it moves onward, collects the characteristics of the surfaces over which it is travelling; cold and warmth, dryness and dampness, wholesome and unwholesome effluvia are all the same so far as the absorbent powers of the atmosphere are concerned. These facts are borne in mind by the medical profession when advising patients as to the proper localities to visit in search of health. The consumptive and weakly constituted are sent to places open to mild breezes, but where the hills intercept the colder air-currents from north and east. The more robust, who require a keen bracing atmosphere, go to neighborhoods where they have the full benefit of the invigorating breezes from cooler quarters.

As already stated, the air moves from cold and high barometer regions towards warm and low barometer regions. Now, if we examine the meteorological charts of the world for summer and winter respectively, we obtain at a glance a very accurate representation of this assertion. In summer, the land being more heated than the sea, the thermometer is higher and the barometer lower over the continents than over the oceans. The winter conditions are exactly the reverse of these, the cold over part of Europe, Asia, and America being intense, the average temperature for January being as much as eighty degrees below freezing-point in some parts of Siberia, and more than seventy degrees below in the far north of America, while the barometer in each continent goes up very high. The circulation of the atmosphere is beautifully symmetrical in accordance with these variations. There is a general flow of air from the sea to the land in summer, the south-west monsoon of India and the Eastern seas being perhaps the most prominent example, but on all coasts similar movements are observed. In winter, we see the cold air passing from the land towards the sea, as evidenced in the north-east monsoon and the north-westerly winds on the east coasts of America and Asia. Whether it be summer or winter, the winds

are affected by a variety of circumstances which tend to modify them considerably; their speed is regulated by the difference in the weight of the atmosphere over neighboring districts; the amount of vapor they carry is augmented or diminished by the objects over which they pass, absorbing the moisture from rivers, lakes, and seas, but depositing it when crossing the cold mountain ranges. In this way the winds of many localities have peculiarities of their own which depend in a great measure upon the physical conditions of the surrounding country.

As we are dealing only with cold winds, it is necessary that we should have a clear notion of what a cold wind is. Let us endeavor to gather a few ideas on the subject from actual facts. Ordinary folks of course run away with the notion that certain winds are intensely cold, whereas, as a simple matter of fact, they may be warmer than the air was on previous days. Take, for instance, two days in January of the present year. New Year's day in London was, according to the thermometer, the coldest day of the month, the temperature being as low as twenty-four degrees. There was, however, very little movement in the air, and as a result no one felt the least inconvenience; it was a bright, clear, enjoyable day. Just a fortnight later, on the 15th, we were all complaining of the bitter cold; every one hurried along "with blue-cold nose and wrinkled brow;" and why? not because of the cold registered by the thermometer—it stood at thirty-five degrees, or three degrees above the freezing-point, and eleven degrees higher than on the 1st—but because of our own personal sensations, due entirely to the dryness of the wind and the rapidity with which it moved. We have seen that the air was many degrees warmer when most persons would have declared it to be intensely cold. Our bodies are so constituted that they throw off a certain quantity of moisture which is taken by the air; but it is obvious that the sponge-like atmosphere will absorb our moisture according to its own hygro-metric state; if it is very moist and damp, the flow of the moisture is checked and we feel hot and feverish; if, on the other hand, the air is excessively dry, it licks up from us more than the human body can safely dispense with, and it is this loss which makes us feel cold and chilly. While the air is still we do not feel a very low temperature to be nearly so cold as when the thermometer is comparatively high, but with a dry wind blowing. In

every-day life we have excellent witnesses to the fact in the simple action of fanning the face, throwing open the doors and windows, or standing in a narrow passage through which the air is passing freely. In each case we feel the cooling effect of the air in motion removing the moisture from the skin, and in losing moisture we lose heat. As Dr. Arthur Mitchell says: "The quantity of heat which our bodies lose in this way is far from insignificant, and the loss cannot be sustained without involving extensive and important physiological actions, and without influencing the state of health. In feeble and delicate constitutions the resources of nature prove insufficient to meet the demand made on them, and a condition of disease ensues." It will be seen, then, that when we say a wind is very cold it means nothing more than that the evaporation which the wind promotes in our bodies is so great that we are giving up our own heat, without the atmosphere itself being necessarily so cold as we imagine it to be.

These considerations will help us to understand the varieties of cold winds which are characteristic of certain neighborhoods, and which have so marked an influence upon the public health. Starting with the infliction which we have to bear annually at home, we shall be better able to appreciate our position when we come to deal with the visitations to which other parts of the world are subject. To us the east wind of winter and early spring is indeed a sore trial, upsetting even the temper of the patient and estimable Mr. Jarndyce. We experience it when the vast continental area from Germany to China is frozen hard; the ground gives off no moisture, and the air, as it moves towards the ocean in search of warmth, passes over us with only the smallest addition of dampness from the North Sea, and we consequently feel its searching effects, penetrating as it does to the very marrow, and, owing to our general unpreparedness to cope with the never-ceasing changes to which the British Isles are liable, we feel colder than is absolutely necessary. The east winds were once described by an old writer as of an extraordinary degree of cold, they are so extremely dry; but that was at a time when the cold winds of other countries were practically unknown to us. That they are neither good for man nor beast is clearly shown, whenever they prevail, in the registrar-general's returns. Weak persons suffering from bronchial and other diseases of the respiratory organs are quite unable to withstand the

demands it makes upon the system, and they quickly succumb in large numbers.

While, however, admitting the personal discomforts of this unwelcome visitor, we must not suppose that it is devoid of good qualities. Its value to agriculture is not to be over-estimated; the soil, sodden with the rains of autumn and winter, requires the drying process which it undergoes during the east wind, the surface of the land being more fit for farming operations afterwards than had it been allowed to remain loaded with water, facilitating tillage and pulverizing the top dressings on grass-lands; and it is for this reason that our farmers assert that a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom, thereby indicating the enormous advantage of the thorough process of drying which the desiccating blast performs. It also destroys in large numbers the larvæ of insects which would otherwise become the plague both of man and of vegetation. There can be no doubt too that, although unpleasant while it lasts, and weeding out so many of the weak and sickly, it really leaves our constitutions healthier and more vigorous by the copious extraction of impurities which are fostered by milder winds.

Fortunately for us the position of the British Isles tends to ameliorate the severity of the coldest wind. The warm ocean immediately surrounding our shores insures us a milder climate than if we were differently situated, and the result is that a temperature as low as zero, Fahrenheit, is seldom recorded, and it is a very rare circumstance to have a strong east wind blowing when the thermometer is many degrees below the freezing-point (thirty-two degrees), or we should experience a wind of the severity of some of those which visit other climates, and which are mentioned in the following pages.

The *mistral* is the north-west wind which is the scourge of the south of France in winter and spring. The mountain ranges of the Cevennes being covered with snow, and the shores of the Mediterranean being many degrees warmer, the icy cold air rolls down the slopes of the mountains with terrific violence, and, invading Provence and Languedoc, destroys the vineyards, uproots trees, throws down buildings, and is so intensely dry that it withers every green thing. According to Strabo the *melamboreas* precipitated men from their chariots and stripped them of their arms and vestments. Locally the saying is that the three plagues of the country are the Parliament, the mistral,

and the Durance. Like our own east wind, it does some good as well as a great deal of mischief, as it renders the air more salubrious by dispelling the noxious vapors from stagnant waters and marshes. In ancient times it was personified as the most dreaded of the gods of the district. The conditions of atmospheric pressure favoring the mistral are a high barometer over Europe and a low barometer over the Gulf of Lyons.

The *bise* is a similar and excessively cold northerly wind in the Swiss and French Alps.

The *etesian* winds of the northern shores of the Mediterranean have various appellations, according to their direction: the northerly are called *tramontana*; the north-easterly, *greco* or *gregala*; and the easterly, *levante*. On the Adriatic shores of Italy they sometimes blow with great force, and, coming from the mountainous districts, they are very cold and dry.

The *bora* is an intensely cold, violent, and boisterous wind which visits the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts of the Adriatic and the north-eastern shores of the Black Sea. The two localities present the same geographical features in the mountain ranges running along the coast, so that a description of the *bora* of Novorossisk, a Black Sea port at the foot of the Caucasian range, will suffice for both. A perfectly smooth sea, and a clear sky over the summits of the hills, are followed by the appearance of small white clouds above the heights; they gradually increase and presently begin to be agitated; the air is restless, and squalls follow each other in quick succession; then small patches of cloud are torn away from the main body and driven rapidly down the slopes of the hills, and when halfway to the sea they disperse. With incredible fury the storm comes down the mountains, while the sea is lashed into foam and spray, and a dense salt mist of whipped-up sea-water covers all objects on board ship with an ever-increasing ice-crust. It is too dangerous to move about on shore, as the risk of injury is so great from falling bodies, stones as large as one's fist, slates, and other heavy materials, while the strongest buildings are shaken by the fearful force of the wind. The sea is in so frightful a commotion that ships are driven on shore, or founder at their anchors. The destructive effects of this cold blast are only felt on the coast as far as the mountains; a short distance inland the wind fails entirely. (In its formation and general characteristics the *bora* is very similar to the

helm wind on the hills of Cumberland and north Yorkshire.) It may be interesting to note that Herr Baron Wrangel has suggested a plan for minimizing the effects of this storm by boring tunnels or cutting deep gorges through the hills, so that the air should be drawn from one side to the other without being cooled to such an extent as it is by having to pass over the summit.

Passing into Asia we find the enormous tract of country from the Ural Mountains eastward to be highly favorable to a degree of cold which is not known in Europe. The vast plains of Siberia are covered with snow and frozen hard for months together, and any high wind makes the atmosphere a terrible agent for destruction. A north-east gale bringing with it a very low temperature and clouds of snow is called a *buran*. To travellers, those who are not accustomed to the climate, this wind is simply horrible; but the inhabitants are so inured to cold that they take but little notice of it, pursuing their avocations and going on their journeys as we should with an ordinary breeze. Apparently they have some reason for treating the *buran* with contempt, as they have a more formidable phenomenon to deal with, the hard frosts and snowstorms of December being alternated by a north-westerly storm which is named the *purga*. This is neither a snowdrift nor a simple *buran*. The calm weather of the lower Yenissei district is followed by a hurricane, which in its fury takes up the frozen snow, and as it is too cold and dry to absorb the icy particles, the air becomes filled with a dense cloud of dust, and heaven and earth become one chaotic mass of finely powdered ice, which fills the eyes, stops the breath, and insinuates itself through the smallest openings in clothing. Reindeer with their sledges and loads are overturned in the snow, it is hopeless for travellers to attempt to make headway; indeed they cannot see anything a few feet away, and their only course is to remain stationary until the storm is over. A *purga* seldom lasts less than twenty-four hours; frequently it extends, with but slight interruptions, over three, six, and even twelve days. During the progress of the storm the thermometer falls to sixty and sometimes eighty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, or from ninety to one hundred and ten degrees below the freezing-point. Even at Wladiwostock on the Amoor coast of the Sea of Japan, in about the same latitude as Nice and Biarritz, the north-westerly storms coming from the

Siberian steppes send the thermometer down to about thirty degrees below zero, with a piercingly cold atmosphere. Needless to state that this baneful wind causes numbers of deaths and brings untold misery to the inhabitants of this frigid climate. The mere relation of the degree of cold registered by the thermometer sends a shiver through us — cold so intense that were we to lay hold with our bare hands on a piece of iron of the same temperature, the flesh would be, to the sensations, *burnt* off as if the iron had been red-hot.

Crossing Behring's Strait into the American continent, we there have in the *blizzard* of the North-Western States an almost exact counterpart of the purga of Siberia. The snow-covered prairies, the calm, bright, and pleasant atmosphere, although of low temperature, are what precede both the purga and the blizzard; but the latter is probably influenced, both as to its origin and its violence, by the range of the Rocky Mountains. In spite of the snow and its attendant cold, a brilliant sun is shining, and a light, balmy, southerly breeze may be gently wafted along, making the air most delightful and exhilarating; but a few minutes suffice to alter the whole scene. A cloud is seen advancing from the north-west, and in a short time it spreads with fearful rapidity. It is another purga cloud of ice-dust, and its effects are the same. The harrowing details of the blizzard of last January will be in the recollection of everybody. It was death to any one who ventured out of doors; those who were unfortunate enough to be caught in it were either instantly suffocated or were driven mad, and in the piercing blast could think of no better means of safety than to tear off their own clothing — utter despair depriving them of their reason. Hundreds of human beings and thousands of cattle were lost in this one visitation, which was felt through the whole of the district west of the Mississippi River as far south as Texas. Marvellous changes of temperature are observed with these furious hurricanes; such a fall as that reported in the recent blizzard, from seventy-four degrees above zero to twenty-eight degrees below — a change of one hundred and twelve degrees in twenty-four hours — seems incredible; but this, large as it appears, was far surpassed in rapidity by the fluctuations of temperature certified by the sergeant in charge of the government reporting station at Denver, Colorado, in January, 1875. "The sudden changes of temperature at this station on January 14

and 15 seem to have been some of the most remarkable ever known. The newspaper reports of them were scarcely believed, and numerous inquiries by scientific men and others were made for the readings of the signal-service thermometers during these changes." At 9 P.M. on the 14th, with the wind at north-east, the temperature was 1° Fahrenheit, at 9.15, with the wind at south-east, it was 20°, and at 9.35 it had reached 40°, a rise of 39° in a little over half an hour. Next day, half an hour before noon, with the wind in the south-west, the thermometer stood at 52°, and an hour later, the wind having gone round to north-east, the mercury had dropped to 4°, a total fall of 48°! At several of the more northern stations the cold winds send the thermometer down to between forty and sixty degrees below zero (— 59° at Pembina, in Dakota, December, 1879, and Fort Benton, in Montana, December, 1880).

The *norther*s of the Gulf of Mexico are a continuation of the blizzard to the far south, but they are more frequently the result of a very high barometer over the States, and the gradient between the mainland and the permanent low pressure of the tropics causes a very violent northerly gale and bitterly cold weather all round the gulf, numerous shipping casualties occurring on the southern shores. Over a great part of inland Texas the thermometer falls to as much as fifteen degrees below zero. Along the coast close to the warm waters of the gulf the mercury has been down to fourteen degrees at Indianola, and eighteen degrees at Brownsville and Galveston; while further east, Mobile has recorded fourteen degrees, Pensacola seventeen, New Orleans twenty, and Cedar Keys twenty-two degrees. Such low temperatures considerably damage the sugarcane, orange, and other crops of these otherwise tropical climates. The cold is also felt on the coast of Mexico and Yucatan, but not to such an extent, and it is probable that to one of these northerly winds is to be attributed the heavy snowstorm which visited Anatto Bay in Jamaica on December 15, 1823. On the Pacific side of Central America these cold northerly winds crossing the mountains are named, from the localities they affect, the *Tehuantepec* and the *Papagayo*.

Having thus far dealt with the principal cold winds of the northern hemisphere, we must consider those on the other side of the equator, where of course the seasons are reversed, being winter there when it is summer with us. Immediately after

crossing the line we find regions of cold, owing to the proximity of the high mountain ranges of the Andes. In the passes through which the caravans journey between Guayaquil and Quito, tremendous storms of cold wind tear down the mountain-sides, overturning horse and rider, mules and their loads, and hurling them over the precipices. In consequence of this violence traffic has to be suspended for weeks together. The storm begins at sunrise, increases till the afternoon, then decreases till sunset. In these vast, unpeopled tracts of bleak mountain districts and on the table-lands it has been stated that the thermometer falls below the freezing-point every night in the year, while in the daytime it frequently mounts to ninety degrees.

Farther south, but still within the tropics, we have the *puna* in the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca, in latitude 16° south, the most desiccating, withering blast that we know of on the face of the earth. Its name indicates a difficulty of breathing, and it fully justifies the appellation. It is peculiar to the table-land of *Puno*, about five hundred miles long by one hundred miles broad, situated between two chains of the Andes. The south-east trade wind passing across the high eastern chain deposits its moisture in snow and rain on the Brazilian side, and by the time it has passed the summit and is descending on the western side it has become so intensely dry that dead animal and vegetable matter has not time to decay before it is mummified by the parching rigor of the blast. Men have to veil their faces for protection from the fearful atmosphere. The whole region is a desolate wilderness, in which here and there a withered tuft of herbage may be seen, on which the llamas, and other animals that may chance to wander here, feed. Peruvians do not require to undergo a process of artificial embalming after death, as their exposure on this plain effectually extracts every vestige of moisture from the body. In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is to be seen the mummified body of a Peruvian preserved in this manner, and it has now been at Lincoln's Inn for nearly sixty years. Even in this low latitude temperatures of from twenty to thirty degrees below the freezing-point are experienced.

Over the pampas of southern Brazil and Paraguay the decrease of temperature sets in early in March, and throughout the winter they are liable to the *pampero* or *minuano*. Being in the southern hemi-

sphere the cold winds are from a southern point of the compass, the *pampero* being from the south-west. South and south-east winds bring with them icy cold rain, driving it through the crevices of the badly built houses and making it very uncomfortable for travellers. Sometimes the wind may be from the north-east, but suddenly a change takes place to the south-west, the clouds clear away, and the dry cold *pampero* blows furiously. A curious result of this sudden change is known in Brazil as the *era*, a kind of severe rheumatism in the joints; even glass is said to crack, and sometimes break. Like the *bora* there are local signs for predicting the advent of the *pampero*, the change being indicated in Paraguay by the Island of Asuncion being under beautiful clear weather, while the top of the Chaco Mountain has over or above it thick black cloud-banks from which dart vivid flashes of lightning. The storm raises a terrific and dangerous sea in the Rio de la Plata, and dismasts ships.

In South Africa the mountain ranges running from east to west lead to the coldest winds being chiefly northerly, between north-west and north-east, when the mountains are under snow, and in some localities the nights become very cold. In the neighborhood of Cape Town the south-east wind is coldest, as it loses much of its moisture in crossing the mountainous district between Table Bay and Cape Agulhas.

Australia has its shivering breezes, although perhaps not to such an extent as the larger continents. The cold southerly winds of South Australia and Victoria become westerly winds as they enter Queensland. The Australian Alps and Mount Wellington are covered with snow, and the cold atmosphere reaches Brisbane and the neighborhood, where at times tremendous hailstorms occur, the stones being of very large dimensions, and the temperature of the air falling several degrees below the freezing-point. Similar storms are recorded in New South Wales.

Finally, in New Zealand there are the *southerly busters*, following the dry hot "nor'-wester" which parches the soil and withers vegetation. A dark cloud appears on the southern or south-western horizon, and, quickly spreading, it bursts with a heavy downpour of icy cold rain, which renders the atmosphere deliciously cool and refreshing after the great heat of previous days.

From the foregoing brief descriptions of the principal cold air-currents of the

world it will be conceded by the inhabitants of the British Isles that, after all the disagreeableness and the great discomforts of our east winds, we have much to be thankful for in the fact that we are not so badly off as many other nations, although perhaps we might not be disposed to consider the hapless mortals when we are in the midst of a spell of easterly weather.

HY. HARRIES.

From Chambers' Journal.
IN A TURKISH CITY.

THIRD PAPER.

It is a sweltering hot day, one of the first hot days of the early spring. Yesterday, the rain was descending in torrents, and the greater part of the street was a watercourse, but to-day all the clouds have cleared off, the sun is shining fiercely; and as a consequence of yesterday's rain, the roads and streets are delightfully clean. Not that it matters much to me what the roads are like, for I must perforce remain in to-day to receive visits, as it is the feast of Easter, and all the notabilities of the town will file in and out of my little cottage all day long, exchanging compliments, and imbibing vast quantities of my tobacco-smoke and coffee. I was up early this morning; but the natives were too many for me, and I had to eat a hurried breakfast between relays of Christian merchants, all shy and silent, all in their best clothes, and all, as I know only too well, with prospective axes to grind.

I had a cessation during the hour of the high celebration at the Roman Catholic cathedral; but the end of the function was all too soon announced by another caller. I hear him stumbling up the staircase, and then Achmet opens the door, and shows in the son of one of the principal Christian merchants who visited me this morning. At first I hardly recognize the youth, he seems so utterly changed, and, what is rather unusual on his part, looks rather ashamed of himself. A couple of months ago he returned from Venice, where he had been educated, determined to comport himself in everything like a European. He then wore a short cutaway coat, trousers very tight in the leg, and very loose round the ankle, a shirt-collar cut half-way down his chest, and a billycock hat with a very narrow brim on the top of his bushy curls. He was more European than the Europeans in those early days, and spoke of his com-

patriots as *questa gente*, and affected the airs and graces of the modern Italian youth. But alas! the ridicule of his friends and relations has changed all this, and he now presents himself before me in a short scarlet jacket embroidered with black silk, and so tight in the arms and back that he can hardly stoop. An enormous pair of dark calico knickerbockers covers his person from the waist to the knee, while his lower extremities are clothed in white cotton stockings and elastic-sided boots. On his head is balanced the flat red fez with its heavy blue silk tassel; in fact he has taken advantage of the Easter festivities to put on the garb of his race and class, and to discard the Frankish dress he once held so dear. He notices my ill-concealed look of astonishment, and excuses himself somewhat awkwardly for resuming the national dress, by no means making the matter better by saying that he did not come with his father that morning because we who have lived in Europe do not care for such early visits, and he thought that he could converse more freely without the presence of *questa gente*. He makes these remarks proving his superiority to the rest of his race in good Italian, and as a still further proof, after a few false starts, continues his remarks in French.

I had noticed when he entered that he seemed to be walking as if he had peas in his boots, and he presently volunteers an explanation of this unfestive-like state of things, by observing: "Je ne puis pas chaminer beaucoup; mes bottes sont trop strettes." He smiles feebly as he confesses to his vanity, and wipes his hands nervously with a red cotton handkerchief after the manner of his kind.

The conversation languishes while he is composing a fresh atrocity in French; and I am almost in despair of getting rid of him, when a sudden martial clanking strikes upon our ears, the great double gates are thrown wide open, and the vali pasha of the vilayet stalks into the little courtyard, surrounded by his staff. At the sight, my pseudo-Frankish acquaintance starts to his feet unmindful of the tightness of his boots, and crushing his half-smoked cigarette — the fourth or fifth — into the brazen ashpan, declares he must be off now, as he has so many calls to make, and escapes just in time to salaam to the pasha in my little entrance hall.

Achmet, with an air at once consequential and deprecatory, bows in the vali pasha and his followers, and then, bustling

about the room with his peculiar cat-like tread, contrives to get rid of the old cigarette ashes in some mysterious way, and places a clean ashtray by each guest. As the vali pasha enters, I step forward to greet my guest upon the threshold and lead him to the seat of honor, at the same time begging his suite to seat themselves. While the faithful Achmet is making a fresh brew of coffee, let me try to describe my visitors.

The governor-general, Hussein Pasha, is a tall, thin, gray-haired old gentleman, who has seen service in the Crimean and other wars. I say "gentleman" advisedly, for everything about him, from his small and well-kept hands and his carefully trimmed gray beard, to his shapely and well-shod feet, shows him to be a polished, well-bred Turk of the best school. No one can be more courteous in his manner, or more happy and unconventional in the compliments he pays. He speaks no language but his own, not even French; and those who know the Turk will agree that he is all the better for that ignorance.

Riza Pasha, his second in command, is a very different man. Tall and stout, his handsome face has the appearance of belonging to one who is always struggling against sleep, and who only keeps awake out of deference to his companions. He speaks English fluently in a soft fat voice, and is a man of some wealth and influence. In the late wars he commanded a battalion; and the Dalmatian doctor who accompanies him to-day is fond of making sneering remarks—behind his back—about the general's courage.

The third pasha is completely unlike the other two. He is very short, and has the reputation of being a brave man, nor is he at all loth to blow his own trumpet upon all and every occasion. But what chiefly distinguishes him is that he is certainly the ugliest, and probably the vainest man in the whole city. He also speaks English with great facility, having spent three years in London learning mining engineering. After mastering this subject, he returned to Constantinople, where he was promptly commissioned by the government to translate an English medical work into Turkish. Beyond this, his English and mining knowledge have done him no good, except that the former has enabled him to prove himself a jovial companion to every Englishman he meets.

The other two are interpreters; one of Corfiote extraction, and the other the Dalmatian doctor mentioned above. Both speak French, Italian, Turkish, and Greek

with equal facility, and, what is more, think in any one of these languages indifferently. The Corfiote has no special characteristics except a way of looking stealthily out of the corners of his eyes, and a very heavy moustache. The Dalmatian is a fine, tall, handsome man, who has attached himself to Hussein Pasha as a sort of unofficial interpreter, and is fond of making a butt of the third pasha, whose name is Hakki, upon every safe opportunity.

But now the trusty Achmet enters, and with his right hand upon his heart, presents the tray bearing the cups of fragrant coffee. We all six lay aside our cigarettes for a moment and sip the steaming liquor out of the tiny cups. As I have to drink a cup of coffee with each relay of visitors all through the day, my gratitude to the man who invented little cups is only equalled by my detestation for the miscreant who made it a rule of etiquette that the host should drink coffee or sip sherbet every time a fresh jorum comes in for his guests. Under the influence of coffee, the first stiffness of our intercourse wears off, and the doctor begs the vali to tell Hakki Pasha to show me how they preach sermons in England. Hakki looks somewhat disconcerted, and the vali is too much of a gentleman to press him; but the doctor, who has no such scruples, tells me in French—translating into Turkish, for the vali's benefit, as he goes along—that Hakki Pasha sometimes at the Konak gets upon a chair and preaches a sermon that he once heard in England condemning all Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics to everlasting punishment—the point of the story of course being the placing Turks and infidels in the same category. The doctor is a Christian of some nondescript kind himself, but in Mohammedan society is more Turkish than the Turks. The vali hastens to turn the conversation, and says: "Tell the English bey, Hakki Pasha, how they gave you sugar in England!"

Hakki's little eyes light up with the spirit of fun, and he begins at once, screwing up his caricature of a face, and acting every part of his recital; while the vali pasha, who has heard the story a hundred times before, follows it in the unknown tongue, and nods approval at the right places, which are vividly indicated by the narrator's wonderful gestures.

"When I was in England learning engineering," says Hakki Pasha, "I was in a boarding-house near the school, and the landlady was very mean with the sugar.

You know we in the East like a good deal of sweet, and so, when she sent me my cup of tea with only two lumps of sugar in it, I used to send it back and ask for more. Then she would search out the smallest lump of sugar in the basin, and hold it out to me between her finger and thumb" — suiting the action to the word, and looking with head on one side and screwed-up eyes at his finger and thumb, which he pinched together as tight as possible, to indicate the very smallest piece of sugar — "she used to hold it like that, and say, 'Is that too much for you, Hakki Bey?'"

As he reaches the cream of the joke, we all laugh, not loudly or uproariously, but in a dignified and subdued manner, as people who have heard the story before, and hope to hear it again, and the little pasha says: "That is how they give you sugar in England!"

Since exchanging compliments with me on entering, Riza Pasha has not uttered a word, and now he only smiles sadly and continues an admiring inspection of his varnished boots between the puffs at his cigarette. The Corfiote, after some conversation with his chief, informs me that the vali has lately procured some wonderful new fishing-tackle from England and is anxious to try it. He knows that all Englishmen catch fish, and so begs the favor of my accompanying him upon his fishing expedition. He enlarges upon the excellence of his new tackle, till at last Hakki Pasha, not to be outdone, says: "I often catch fish; but my way is quicker and catches more fish than his Excellency's" — at the same time pulling two or three little cartridges out of his capacious coat-pocket.

"What is that, *effendim*?" says the Corfiote.

"Dynamite," replied Hakki cheerfully, slipping the cartridges back into his pocket. "I catch plenty of fish with them!"

I confess to feeling uncomfortable. I should not have been so amused at that sugar story if I had known that the little poacher had dynamite cartridges shaking about in his great pockets, and murdered fish in so unsportsmanlike a manner.* Moreover, he has already burned two holes in his coat-sleeve, and made a horrible odor by smoking his cigarette so short that it singed his moustache; and

there is no knowing what the next burning stump may set fire to. However, no one stirs. If it is written in the book of fate that we are to be destroyed to-day or to-morrow, it is useless our attempting to prevent it. I can see that the two interpreters do not like the dynamite any more than I do; but they say nothing, knowing that any remark would probably make the pasha do something foolish out of bravado. I am not sorry when the vali rises to take leave; and as I accompany him to the door, he presses me to come on a fishing expedition in the course of the week. I accept with the mental reservation to keep as far from Hakki Pasha and his malpractices as possible. The Turkish soldiers, who have been chatting, smoking, and drinking coffee with Achmet down below, spring to "attention;" and so, with many parting expressions of friendship, the pasha and his suite clank out of my little courtyard, and leave me to await the arrival of fresh visitors.

From The Spectator.

RANK AMONG THE ROYALTIES.

It is a little amusing, and not a little melancholy, to see a mere question of position, position as it is understood by the more foolish leaders of society, gravely affecting high European interests; but there is little doubt that such a question is at this moment so affecting them. Part at least of the commotion caused by the proposal to betroth the Princess Victoria of Germany to Prince Alexander of Battenberg is created by a feeling among the princes of Germany — headed, it is believed, perhaps erroneously, by the crown prince — that the match is derogatory to the imperial dignity, the bridegroom not being royal in any complete sense. That allegation is, we fancy, technically correct, according to the most recent system of European etiquette; but there are circumstances in the case which would, we imagine, make even an Austrian court chamberlain hesitate before he pronounced an absolute decision against the princess's suitor. That Prince Henry of Battenberg is not royal, is, according to the heralds, certain; but does the rule apply fully to the very different position of his brother? There are distinct precedents on the other side, and the ultimate decision, if the case were pending in a court of law, would depend upon the exact interpretation of a word which no two historians explain in

* Perhaps this nefarious accomplishment of Hakki's was acquired as part of his mining education in England, it being well known to anglers that in Scottish rivers, and probably in English ones too, dynamite is so used by some miners. — Ed.

precisely the same sense. The two Battenberg princes — they are princes in the fullest legal sense, if not royal princes — are the sons of the late grand duke of Hesse, by Mademoiselle von Kaucke, daughter of a Polish minister of finance. That lady's pedigree, which on the mother's side is said not to have been a lofty one, does not signify to the issue one straw, though it greatly accentuates the bitterness of courtly opposition to the proposed match. The grand duke of Hesse, there is no question, being at the time a widower, married the lady publicly by all the rites of the Church, and in opposition to no fully recognized law. At least, we know of none which should have prevented an independent sovereign with full right of representation in all European courts from marrying any person he chose, unless previously married or within forbidden degrees of kinship. Two centuries ago, the grand duke would doubtless have made his bride grand duchess; but of late years, the opposition of the great courts to any sovereign or royal prince marrying outside the royal caste has greatly increased in bitterness and persistency. The origin of that opposition is no doubt pride of birth, a feeling common to all classes in all monogamous countries, though nearly unknown in countries where polygamy is the religious rule — it is not quite unknown, for the descendants of Mahomed and Confucius form a privileged caste, and Koolin Brahmins rank above all Hindoo mankind — but it has been greatly strengthened by other circumstances. The approach of private families too closely to the throne has been found very inconvenient to the dynasties, and excessively obnoxious to their subjects. The sovereign feels an obligation to promote his wife's relations, and the subjects feel that persons who were till yesterday undistinguished from the mass, are promoted, and it may be enriched, by pure favoritism, and to the injury of tried servants of the State. In Russia at one time the system was pushed so far that the czarina's relatives formed an inner court, and friendship for them or opposition to them became the grand dividing line between the loyal and the disaffected. Moreover, the sovereigns have a direct interest in discouraging marriage among their more distant relatives. They do not want a whole clan of princes of the blood such as is growing up in Austria, Russia, and even Germany, the members of which are entirely dependent on the imperial or royal domain, and unless they are successful

soldiers, can have nothing to do, statesmanship being as forbidden to them as all other professions. They become idle nobles, and their escapades reflect discredit upon the throne itself. A certain sanctity is demanded of a royal family if it is to keep its rank, and no such attribute can long attach to a numerous clan of impetuous persons compelled by law to vegetable lives. A custom has therefore grown up, and has been distinctly favored by the dynasts, of treating all marriages between princes and subjects as morgatic, — that is, as legitimate and respectable unions, conveying to the lady and her issue no kind of royal rank. The children may be created local nobles and accorded any manner of local precedence, but they do not belong to the great European family, and do not therefore depend as burdens upon the occupant of the throne.

Under this system, which has now been worked by time and family laws into a sort of code, Prince Alexander of Battenberg is decidedly not royal; but then two very curious questions arise. First, can anybody make him royal? Certainly, in the old days, the emperor of Germany, as Cæsar of the Holy Roman Empire, and therefore the rightful and absolute referee for all mankind, could have done so. Not to mention numerous cases in which the Kaiser's recognition made princes possessed of territories legal kings, *e.g.*, the house of Savoy, the house of Wittelsbach, and the Hohenzollerns, there is at least one instance, that of the Fuggers, the early Rothschilds, in which an imperial decree made a distinctly plebeian family *ebenbürtig*, — that is, made them fully princes in the sense of the royal caste. The right to be considered royal, and therefore exempt from any process of law, has been claimed by the head of that family, in order to avoid expulsion as a Jesuit priest, within the last quarter of a century. We do not suppose, indeed, that the prerogative as it existed up to 1806 would be questioned for a moment by any historian or competent editor of the *Almanach de Gotha*; but then, does the prerogative exist now since the Holy Roman Empire ceased legally to exist, and if so, in whose hands does it rest? Can the emperor of Germany, for instance, confer on Prince Alexander or any other subject not already *ebenbürtig* — for there would be difficult questions about some *Freiherrs* who are neither subjects nor recognized mediatised princes — the full rank of royalty? "Certainly not," we believe all court chamber-

lains will reply; but then, what is the position of the Beauharnais family, who are in France ancient nobles, in Bavaria Princes of Leuchtenberg, and in Russia members of the imperial house? Are they fully royal? We fancy they are not in Europe, though they are in Russia, because the head of the house has repeatedly been suggested by the Russian court as a candidate who might be elected to the Bulgarian throne, which is closed by the Treaty of Berlin to all members of the greater reigning houses of Europe, — that is, in fact, to the royal families of the signatory powers. If, therefore, the Prince of Leuchtenberg, who is actually within the succession to the Russian throne, though at an immense distance, is not barred by that treaty, because he is not fully royal, *a fortiori* neither can Prince Alexander become so unless the emperor Frederick claims to sit on the old and universal throne of the Roman Empire, a claim not yet put forward.

So far, judgment must go against the prince; but then another and much more intricate point arises. Prince Alexander is not only of Battenberg, but of Bulgaria. He was for a time not only ruler of that State, but was ruler with full legal title, with complete recognition from all Europe, and with the right of transmitting the throne by hereditary succession. Does not that constitute royalty? If it does, then the abdication does not alter rank, the prince only being without dominions, as if he had been "mediatized," like scores who are undoubtedly royal; but then, does it? If Bulgaria had been an entirely independent State, no serious argument could be held on such a question. A recognized sovereign ranks as a sovereign, and his own pedigree or the size of his dominions makes no manner of difference. No State is so small as Montenegro, but Prince Nicholas is an independent monarch, and for heralds' purposes the equal of Hapsburg or Bourbon. No pedigree can be inferior to that of the heirs of Bernadotte, but they are completely admitted, by the *Almanach* as well as in fact, into the European family. If, therefore, Prince Alexander was ever an independent sovereign, recognized by Europe, he is royal, and the question of his status in Europe turns entirely upon the exact nature of his relation to the sultan of Turkey. That he was a vassal of the Ottoman for Roumelia, is certain, and is not denied; but was he a vassal for Bulgaria? All Bulgarians deny it, and it is excessively difficult to dispute their con-

tention except by the use of definitions which would make every prince of Germany who has lost the right to send ambassadors cease to be royal. Wherein lies the distinction as to position between the principality of Bulgaria and the principality of Baden-Baden? The prince, be it remembered, was his own commander-in-chief; went to war with Servia at his own discretion, — a right not possessed by Baden-Baden; summoned his own Parliament; and punished or pardoned for treason at his own discretion, the latter a power never claimed by the greatest subordinate sovereign of our age, the East India Company. We suppose there is some distinction affecting European rank between a prince, say, of Waldeck Pyrmont and a prince of Bulgaria; but for the life of us we cannot tell what it is, and we doubt if the majority of the few men who understand the European etiquette, as distinct from the etiquette of any single State, can tell either. The whole question is, from one point of view, an absurdity; but it is affecting grave political interests, and is by no means so free from doubt as a great many Germans are ready to affirm. They have a right to defend their own idea of pedigree, which requires nobility on both sides, as against the English and Russian one, which requires nobility only in the father; but they have no right to ignore the historic principle that a recognized sovereign, whatever his fate, remains always royal in rank. The queen breaks no etiquette when she addresses the empress Eugénie as "Majesty."

From The Athenæum.

COLERIDGE NOTES.

WHEN I was in Jamaica in the year 1841 I met with a young general practitioner of the name of Porter, who was as eager a student of Coleridge as I was myself. He had been a pupil of Mr. Gilman's at Highgate, and was full of anecdotes of the poet. He had wonderful stories of the *marginalia* written by Coleridge on the pages of the circulating-library books, and returned all unbeknown. There were also a few pieces of verse by him. Of these I have one or two which have not to my knowledge been printed, and I give them as I copied them: —

1. A lady having asked S. T. C. to write in her Album he inserted some very beautiful verses; the lady expressed her dissatisfaction

at their containing no allusions to herself or her country — America. This coming to Coleridge's ears he said she was unworthy good poetry, and one evening when half asleep composed the following, to the tune of "Lullaby:" —

You come from o'er the waters,
From famed Columbia's land,
And you have sons and daughters,
And money at command.

But I live in an island,
Great Britain is its name,
With money none to buy land,
The more it is the shame.

But we are all the children
Of one great God of Love,
Whose mercy, like a milldrain,
Runs over from above.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Sugarplums and cakes;
Close your lids peeping eye,
Bonny baby B — a.

2. *An answer to "Swans sing before they die."*

"A jest," cries Jack, "without a sting,
Post obitum can no man sing."
And true if Jack don't mind his manners,
And leave his Atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such sparks as can only howl.

3. *Epitaph on William Hazlitt.*

Under this stone does William Hazlitt lie,
Who valued nought that God or man could give;
He lived as if he never thought to die,
He died as if he dared not hope to live.

4. *To Miss A. T.*

Verse, pictures, music, thoughts both grave and gay,
Remembrances of dear loved friends away,
On spotless page of virgin white displayed —
Such should thy Album be, for such art thou, sweet
maid.

5. *Sapphic Ode, written for James Gilman, jun.*

Here is Jen's first copy of nonsense verses,
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,
Sapph's imitator.

But we bards, we classical lyric Poets,
Know a thing or two in a scurvy Planet,
Don't we, now? Eh, brother Horatius Flaccus!
Tip us your paw, lad!

Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies!
Rich men of England, would ye be immortal,
Patronize genius, giving cash and praise to
Gilman Jacobus.

Gilman Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylors',
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,
Sapphic, Heroic, Elegiac, what a
Versificator!

S. T. C.

6. Acquaintance many and con acquaintance few,
But for in acquaintance I know only two —
The friend I've wept with, and the maid I woo.

7. There was an answer to Rogers's poem of "The Wish," which had caused great excitement among the Gilmans owing to Rogers having unconsciously sat through a long visit with his arm on the open two pages on which his own poem and the parody were written side by side. I cannot be sure, however, whether the

parody was by Coleridge or one of the Gilmans: —

"The Wish," by Samuel Rogers.

Mine be a cot beside a hill,
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns the mill
With many a fall shall linger there.

The swallow oft beneath the thatch
Shall twitter from her claybuilt nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around the ivied porch shall stray
Each fragrant flower that sips the dew,
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

The Wish Enjoyed.

So damp my cot beside the hill
The bees have ceased to soothe my ear;
The willowy brook that turns the mill
Is turned to please the miller near.

The swallow housed beneath the thatch
Bedaubs my window from her nest;
Instead of pilgrims at my latch,
Beggars and thieves disturb my rest.

From out the ivy at my door
Earwigs and snails are always crawling;
Lucy now spins and sings no more
Because the hungry brats are squalling.

To village church with priestly pride
In vain the pointing spire is given;
Lucy with Wesley for her guide
Has found a shorter road to Heaven.

8. In 1844 I made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Pickering, of Piccadilly, who lent me a copy of "Omniana," by Southey and Coleridge, 1812, two small volumes. This copy contained several MS. notes by Coleridge, among which were the following: —

§ 60. *Small Wit.*

The pun may be traced from its minimum, in which it exists only in the violent intention and desire of the Punster to make one. This is the fluxion or prenascent quantity, the Infinitesimal first moment or differential of a Pun — as that of the man who hearing Lincoln mentioned, grumbling most gutturally, shaking his head and writhing his nose, muttered — "Lincoln, indeed! LINCcoln! LINC-corn! You may well call it *Link*-corn! (a pause) I never was so bit with Bugs in a place in my whole Life before." Here the reason — i.e., vindictive anger striving to ease itself by contempt, the most frequent origin of Puns, next to that of scornful triumph, exulting and in-

sulting (see "Parad. Lost," vi.), or cause of the impulse or itch to let a pun — was substituted for the Pun itself, which the man's wit could not light on. This therefore is the minimum. At the other extreme lies the Pun polysyllabic — of which accept the following as a specimen: —

Two Nobles in Madrid were straddling side by side,
Both shamefully diseased, espying whom I cried —
What figures these men make! the wight that Euclid
cons
Sees plainly that they are Parallel o' pippy Dona.
S. T. C.

§ 191. *Beards.*

On the miracle of a female saint *S. Vuilgefortis Virgo, barbæ repente enascentis miraculo castitate tuetur*. Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt! What! can nothing be one's own? This is the more vexatious, for at the age of eighteen I lost a legacy of 50*l.* for the following epigram on my godmother's beard, which she had the *barbarity* to avenge by striking me out of her will: —

So great the charms of Mrs. Munday
That men grew rude a kiss to gain;
This so provoked the Dame that one day
To Pallas' power she did complain.
Nor vainly she addressed her prayer,
Nor vainly to that Power applied;
The Goddess bade a length of hair
In deep recess her muzzle hide:
Still persevere! to love be callous!
For I have your petition heard;
To snatch a kiss were vain (cried Pallas)
Unless you first should shave your beard.
S. T. C.

9. From Mr. Porter I heard the story of Charles Lamb and the pudding. Lamb came one afternoon a week from Enfield to Highgate to see Coleridge, and the dinner was always arranged so that it was well over before the return stage coach arrived at the door. On one occasion something had interrupted the dinner, Lamb was not ready for the coach, and got into it with his mouth full. As he did so a woman came up and said, "Is there any room inside?" "No, m-my g-good woman," answered Lamb. "That last p-piece of p-putting filled up every chink."

10. The following is printed in the "Keepsake" for 1829 or 1830, but it has not, to my knowledge, been republished or recognized: —

To a Critic who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it unintelligible.

Most candid critic, what if I
By way of joke pluck out your eye,
And holding up the fragment cry,
"Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!
Behold this shapeless mass! and he
Who own'd it dreamt that it could see!"
The joke were mighty analytic —
But should you like it, candid critic?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

G. GROVE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV HARTWIG.

["Watching in the church porch for death-omens on the Eves of St. Mark and St. John, is a practice that in days gone by was much in use, especially amongst young people. The time observed was from eleven o'clock at night until one in the morning. In the same year it was supposed that the ghosts of all those who were to die the next year would pass into the church." — T. F. THISELTON DYER'S "English Folk-lore," p. 216.]

HUSHED as the grave is the village, and now
from the belfry tower,
Booming along through the night with sullen
and heavy sound,
The church-clock's strokes proclaim the approach
of the midnight hour;
They cease, and a hush as of death again
settles all around.

On through the silent street goes a man to the
old church door,
That gleams in the moon's wan rays with a
shimmering ghostly light,
And behind him he casts, as he goes, a fearful
glance evermore,
Then striding swift through the porch he
vanishes out of the night.

Round him he looks to see where he may be
hidden secure,
Seeming as one who has come to pillage
and not to pray;
And he crouches down in a corner out of the
way and obscure,
Where never a beam from the moon to light
up the gloom might stray.

Every Eve of St. John, so runneth the legend
old,
Down the long church aisle glideth a ghostly
train,
And whoso will linger there till the last stroke
of twelve has tolled,
To him will the future dark be manifest
made and plain.

Spectral figures he sees through hazes phan-
tasmal peer,
Before him the phantoms pass of those
whom already the doom
Of death has o'ershadowed, and now, even
now, their graves they are near,
Whose forms he sees and he knows, as on-
ward they move through the gloom.

Here on this errand has he come in sore an-
guish and grief,
And if before him shall pass that troop
phantasmal and dim,
Then Heaven, he hopes, will be gracious to
him, and his own relief
In death — relief, oh, how welcome! — be
thus foretokened to him.

For death, death only, can lift the curse that
has weighed on his life
For years, since the day when heartburn-
ings, and discord, and wranglings loud,

Set hopeless division up 'twixt himself and
the once-loved wife,
To whom all his life could give had been at
the altar vowed.

Anon the dread midnight hour from the belfry
begins to boom;
Bending breathlessly forward, he stares,
with fear stricken white,
To pierce, if so pierce he may, through the
veil of his hidden doom,
Then backward recoils, for lo! his wife
there full in his sight!

She too has waited there, the midnight pro-
cession to see,
With the self-same pain in her heart, the
self-same longing to steal
Tidings of what for herself stored up in the
future may be,
To see with her weary eyes what the Eve of
St. John might reveal.

Her glance on her husband falls, before her
as in a scroll
The mystery is unrolled of a future impend-
ing and drear;
In terror she sees, although still there was
bitterness hard in her soul,
The doom of death overhang the man she
once held so dear.

Backward she totters—the features, rigid
and pallid and drawn,
Of her spouse seem to hover before the eyes
of her startled soul;
And, as the dark shadows of night disappear
in the light of the dawn,
So rancor and wrath died away, and gentle-
ness over her stole.

And dayspring began to arise in the heart of
her husband as well,
He thinks of the wife of his bosom, so soon
in her grave to rest;
He feels his heart with the throb of quicker
pulsations swell,
And the fires of a love long quenched are
enkindled anew in his breast.

Thus once more as of old the ties of affection
were twined,
Love at their lorn hearth-fire a sheltering
welcome found,
Coming back as the exile comes, who in ban-
ishment long has pined,
To the home in the land of his sires, that to
him is as hallowed ground.

Brightly the days went by, all sunshine, un-
dimmed by a tear,
When the love came to life again, that late
had been dead to the core;
The weeks lengthened out into months, the
months ran out to a year,
And then came the summer, and with it the
Eve of St. John once more.

Silent is all around, the church glimmers
white in the sheen
Of the moonbeams, that play around, like
an aureole glory fair,
A woman and man that may in the arch of the
porch be seen,
Bending with souls devout low on their
knees in prayer.

"Grant, O God," was their thought, "that
we for yet many a day
May enjoy and be grateful for all the bless-
ings we owe to thy grace,
Till that shall in time be fulfilled, which to us
in such mystical way
At midnight when spirits walked was re-
vealed in this holy place!"

THEODORE MARTIN.

From Nature.

THE AKKAS, A PYGMY RACE FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

At the last meeting of the Anthro-
pological Institute, Professor Flower gave a
description of two skeletons of Akkas,
lately obtained in the Monbuttu country,
central Africa, by Emin Pasha, and by
him presented to the British Museum.
Since this diminutive tribe was discovered
by Schweinfurth in 1870, they have re-
ceived considerable attention from various
travellers and anthropologists, and general
descriptions and measurements of several
living individuals have been published,
but no account of their osteological char-
acters has been given, and no specimens
have been submitted to careful anatom-
ical examination. The two skeletons are
those of fully adult people, a male and a
female, but unfortunately neither is quite
complete. The evidence they afford en-
tirely corroborates the view, previously
derived from external measurements, that
the Akkas are among the smallest, if not
actually the smallest, people upon the
earth. There is no reason to suppose that
these skeletons were selected in any way
as exceptional specimens, yet they are
both of them smaller than any other nor-
mal skeletons known, smaller certainly
than the smallest Bushman skeleton in
any museum in this country, and smaller
than any out of twenty-nine skeletons of
the diminutive inhabitants of the Andaman
Islands, of which the dimensions have
been recorded by Professor Flower in a
previous paper communicated to the In-
stitute. The most liberal calculation of
the height of these two skeletons places
that of the male at about an inch below

4 feet, and the female at less than an inch above. We may say 4 feet, or 1·219 metre, as the average height of the two, while a living female of whom Emin Pasha has sent careful measurements is but 1·164 metre, or barely 3 feet 10 inches. The results previously obtained from the measurements of about half-a-dozen living Akkas are not quite so low as these, varying from 1·216 to 1·420, and give a mean for both sexes of 1·356, or 4 feet 5½ inches. Schweinfurth's original measurements were unfortunately lost, and the numbers since obtained are quite insufficient for establishing the true average of the race, especially as it is not certain that they were all pure-bred specimens.

In the list given in the third edition of Topinard's "Anthropologie" (1879), only two races appear which have a mean height below 1·500 metres, viz. the Negritos of the Andaman Islands, 1·478, and the Bushmen, 1·404. Of the real height of the former we have abundant and exact evidence, both from the living individuals and from skeletons, which clearly proves that they considerably exceed the Akkas in stature. That this is also the case with the Bushmen there is little doubt, although the measurements of this diminutive race are less numerous and carefully made.

The point of comparative size being settled, it remains to consider to what races the Akkas are most nearly allied. That they belong in all their essential characteristics to the black or Negroid branch of the human species there can be no doubt, in fact they exhibit all the essential characteristics of that branch even to exaggeration. With regard to the somewhat more rounded form of head (the cephalic

index in these examples being 74·4 and 77·9 respectively), Hamy has long since pointed out that in equatorial Africa, extending from the west coast far into the interior, are scattered tribes of negroes, distinguished from the majority of the inhabitants of the continent by this special cranial character, as well as by their smaller stature. The Akkas are grouped by Hamy and Quatrefages as members of this race, to which the distinctive name of Negrillo has been applied. Their small size has naturally led some anthropologists, including Schweinfurth, to ally them to the diminutive African race inhabiting the southern part of the continent — the Bushmen; but beyond certain characters met with in the whole Negroid branch, including the frizzly hair, there is little in common between them. The Bushmen are a very strongly marked race, and both their external appearance and osteological characters are so exceptional that they can never be confounded with any other. The natives of the Andaman Islands have also very distinctive characters, which they do not share with the Akkas, whose position all recent investigations show to be that assigned to them by Hamy as members of the Negrillo division of the Negroid branch of mankind. It is possible that these people gave origin to the stories of pygmies so common in the writings of the Greek poets and historians, and whose habitations were often placed near the sources of the Nile. The name "Akka," by which, according to Schweinfurth, the tribe now call themselves, has, singularly enough, been read by Mariette Pasha by the side of a portrait of a dwarf on a monument of the ancient Egyptian empire.

SNOW CLOTHING. — Seventy to eighty degrees below zero, i.e., thirty to forty degrees below the freezing-point of mercury, is a temperature we can scarcely contemplate without a shudder, yet such was endured in Siberia by Captain Wiggins and his crew last October. It is in such a climate as this that the beneficence of snow is fully manifested. The snow falls heavily at the beginning of winter, while the surface of the ground has not yet fallen below thirty-two degrees, the snow itself being at about that temperature, or say thirty de-

grees. The feathery crystals and the air they entangle are nearly absolute non-conductors of heat, and constitute the most effective of all possible clothing. Thus the soil in such countries never falls to so low a minimum temperature as it occasionally reaches in England when we have a temperature of fifteen to twenty degrees over naked ground. Hence the paradox of Siberian vegetation, which is so luxuriant in the summer, when the heat of the long days is very intense.

Science-Gossip.



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